HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VII.—No. 345.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PORT HUDSON.

We devote pages 497 and 500 this week to illustrations of the Fall of Port Hudson, from sketches by our special artist, J. R. Hamilton. The following account from the *Times* will explain the pictures:

At the earliest dawn of the—now ever memorable—9th of July, the whole camp was necessarily in the highest state of glee and commotion, and the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "Dixie" came borne upon the morning air—never sounding sweeter.

At 7 o'clock General Andrews, Chief of the Staff of General Banks, made his grand entrance into the rebel fortifications, with Colonel Birge leading his brave storming column, whose noble services have thus been, happily for their friends, dispensed with, but to whom the country is no less indebted—taking the will for the deed. These were followed by two picked regiments from each division, with Holcomb's and Rawle's battery of light artillery, and the gunners of the naval battery.

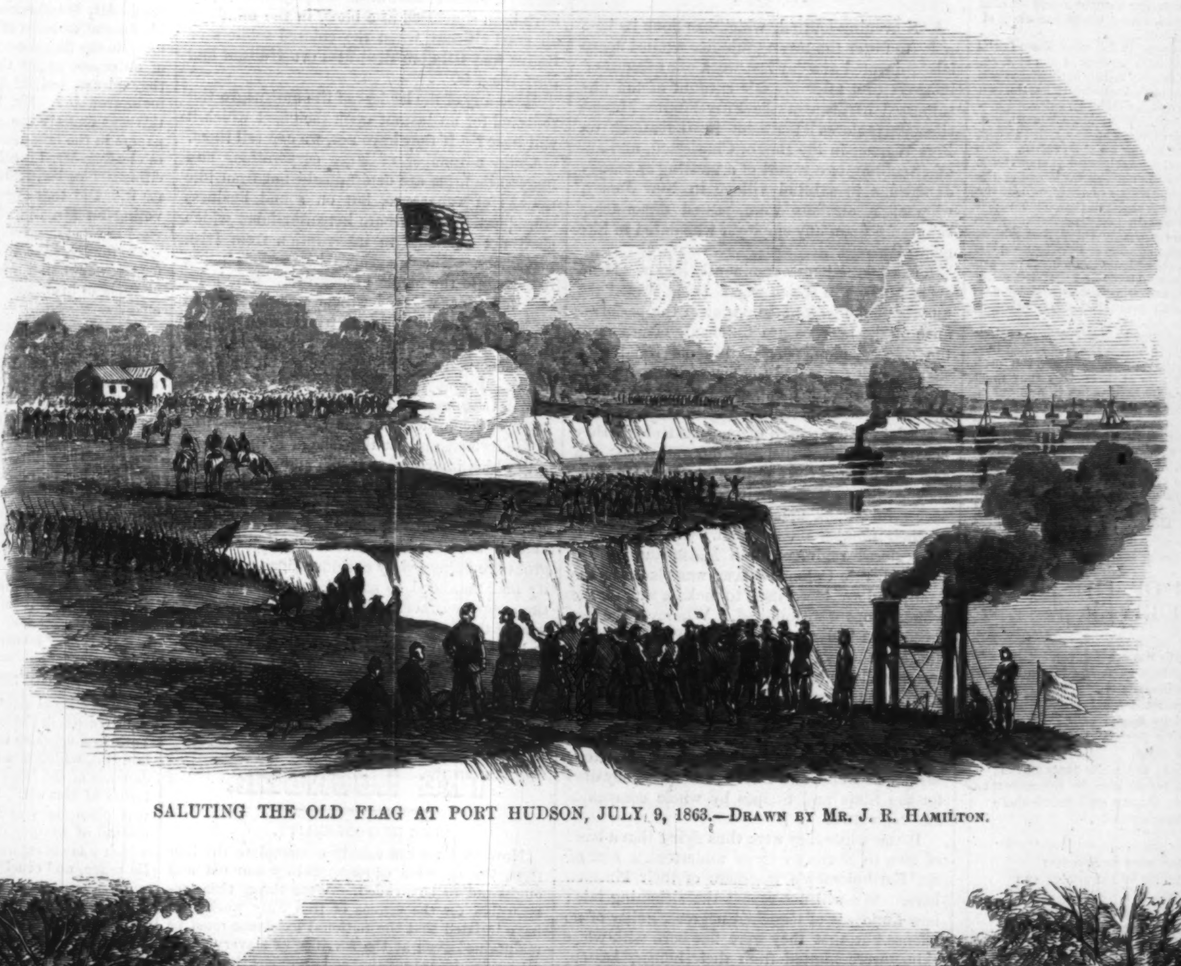
The rebels were drawn up in line, and an immense line they made, their officers in front of them in one side of the road, their backs to the river. Gen. Gardner then advanced toward Gen. Andrews, and, in a few accompanying words, offered to surrender his sword with Port Hudson; but General Andrews told him, in appreciation of his bravery—however misdirected—he was at liberty to retain his sword.

Our men were then drawn up in two lines on the other side of the road, opposite to the rebels, and our officers placed themselves in front of their men. Gen. Gardner then said to Gen. Andrews: "General, I will now formally surrender my command to you, and for that purpose will give the orders to ground arms."—The order was given and the arms were grounded.

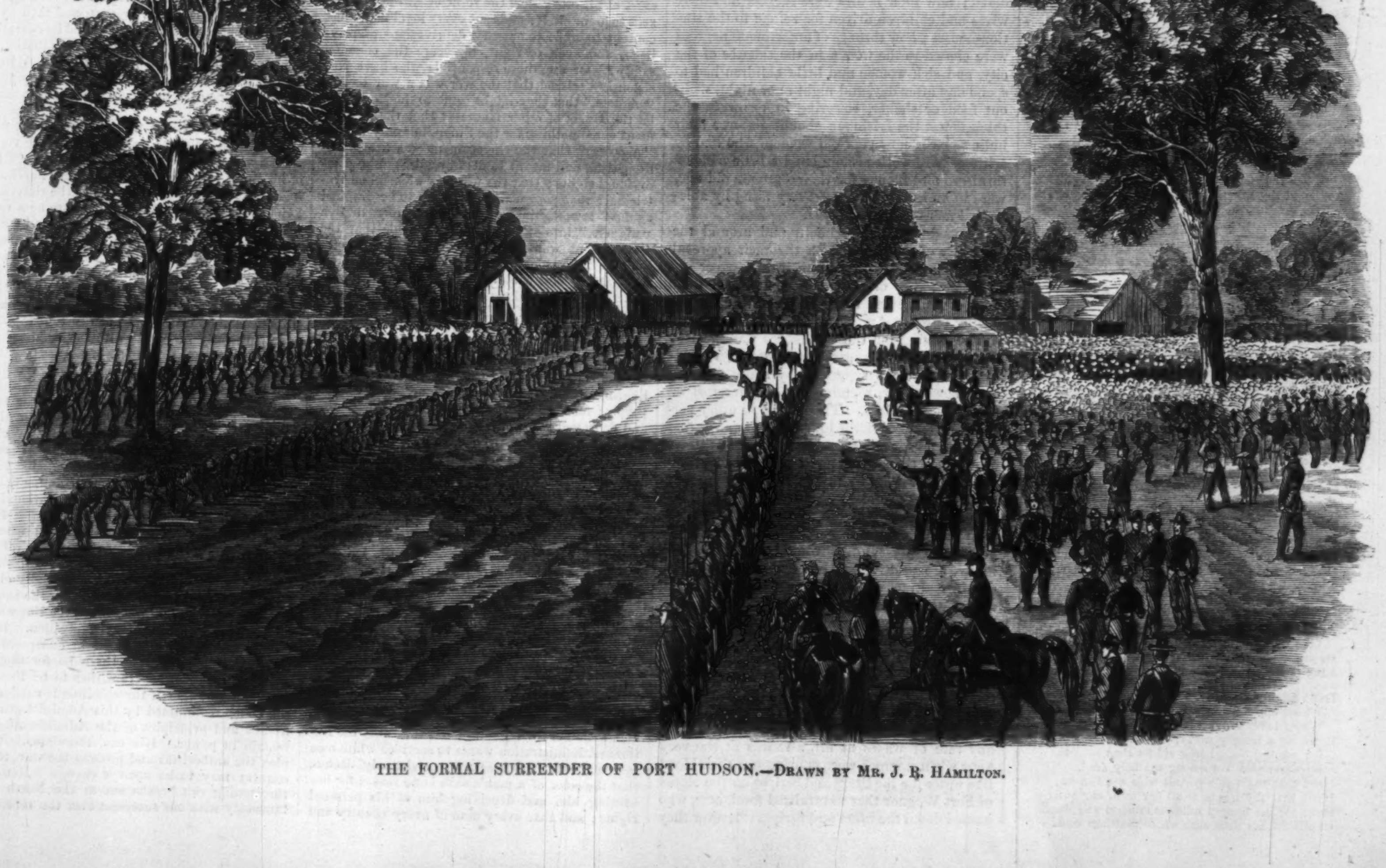
After that Gen. Andrews sent for the enemy's general officers, staff and field-officers. The line-officers were left with their companies and guard, composed of the Twenty-second Louisiana and Seventy-fifth New York, placed over them. These formalities over, the glorious old flag of the Union was unfolded to the breeze from one of the highest bluffs facing the river, by the men of the *Richmond*—a battery thundered forth its salute, which rolled majestically up and down the broad surface of the Mississippi—and Port Hudson was ours!

It was with no little delight that I found myself riding at last over every portion of this long-forbidden ground, noting the havoc which our cannon made not only in the ramparts but over the whole internal surface. Not a square rood but bore some indisputable proof of the iron deluge that had fallen upon it, in earth plowed up, trees with the bark almost completely torn off by rifle-shot, and some—twice the bulk of a man's body—fairly snapped in two by some solid ball, as easily as a walking-cane.

As to what they called the town of Port Hudson—a miserable little conglom-



SALUTING THE OLD FLAG AT PORT HUDSON, JULY 9, 1863.—Drawn by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.



THE FORMAL SURRENDER OF PORT HUDSON.—Drawn by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.

eration of two or three wooden buildings, and a nondescript church among them—the destruction is so complete that I can not see how they escaped being utterly swept away. I went into the old church, looking out for any crazy timber that might fall from shattered roof or tumbling walls, with orifices made by cannon, larger than the windows, and found the whole floor strewed with beans, broken beams and laths, plaster, etc. If those were all the beans they had left, I don't think the quantity of their food exceeded the quality; and beans were what they had left to most depend upon.

Tehir River fortifications were terribly effective, and might have resisted any amount of attack had they been impregnable elsewhere. Far down in the bowels of the lofty bluffs they had dug deep recesses, approached by steps cut out of the earth, and here their magazines were placed quite safe—owing to the enormous thickness of earth above—from any projectiles that could be sent against them. One or two "quaker guns" were found. On the fortifications to the land side every thing told of the terrible efficiency of our artillery, which never did its work better. Foremost among these were Mack's, Holcomb's, and Rawle's batteries, the Indiana battery, and the naval battery of heavy guns, under the gallant Lieut. Terry, of the *Richmond*, and his fine crew, who sent desolation along with every shot from their large pieces. The effect was that, soon after we began bombarding in earnest, every gun upon the front batteries was silenced; and they have so remained for weeks since, any one they replaced being knocked over as soon as we got the range of it. In speaking of how much we owe the artillery, we can not speak too highly of the unsparing exertions and skillful dispositions of General Arnold, under whom the whole of this arm of the service was placed.

Collateral praise must necessarily fall upon those faithful under-workers who, although unseen at the surface, have nevertheless the most mighty results depending upon the accuracy and promptness of their observations—I mean the Topographical Engineers, under Major Houston. Foremost among these were Lieut. Ulfers, Mr. Oltmans, Mr. Robins, and the lamented Mr. Luce, who was killed a short time ago while in the act of taking an observation. The enormous amount of personal hardships and dangers these gentlemen have to undergo, after going far ahead of the army and little exploring expeditions of their own in the enemy's country—the coolness and self-possession which their services require of them in every emergency—are things of which few people probably think, but which, nevertheless, have the most momentous bearing upon the success or failure of a General's plan of attack. They are the real scouts and pioneers who have first detected many a new move of the enemy, and who first espy every new earth-work thrown up silently overnight—every new gun put in position.

As we rode along the earth-works inside, it was curious to mark the ingenious ways in which the enemy had burrowed holes to shelter themselves from shell and the intolerable rays of the sun. While at their work they must have looked like so many rabbits popping in and out of their warren. The breast-works, instead of being straight at the top, present a continuous succession of little hills and valleys, from the perpetual plowing up of our artillery. As to the guns, there were many of them knocked clean away from their carriages, and looking as if some earthquake had heaved up the earth from under them. The amount of mortality and casualties from all this terrible and continuous cannonading fell amazingly short of what I should have imagined. The rebels assert that it did not exceed 780.

THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Hail! mighty river,
Free from thy springs to the sea forever,
From thy mountain springs to the Southern Sea,
Free heritage of the millions free.
The power that with polluted hand
  Grasped at thy glorious flood,
Swept from thy banks by fire and brand,
  Lies weltering in its blood.
Thy current now is free; the white tents gleam
No more, of those who bound thee, by thy stream;
Thy chains are broken; by thy bluff-bound shore
The traitor cannon frown no more.

Hail! giant river,
A continent's bond that none may sever;
The bright, blue mountains of the setting sun
  Send down a purer stream;
The golden drifts that through their granite run
  Shine with a brighter gleam;
And the morning bloom that waves
Above an ancient people's graves
Slow sinking by thy shores,
A sweeter fragrance pours
From its rich chalice; and the bright star-flowers
  Look from the fields of heaven with softer glow
At their twin sisters, through night's holy hours,
  Enshrined within thy crystal heart below.

  Up through the beds of coal,
The treasured strength of centuries waiting still
To do a people's will,
And roll toil's burden from man's weary heart,
And illumine labor with the light of art,
  Up through the beds where lies the slumbering soul
Of fire, the waters rush with swifter feet
  To lose themselves in thee,
And swell thy brimming bounty, pure and sweet,
  Unto the free, the free.

The upper lakes—
  Itaska, and its thousand sisters bright,
That lie among the emerald hills like flakes
  Of cool and crystal light,
Feel the new thrill that runs to them from thee;
  And the wild birds that swim
  Along their lilied rim,
Rise like a people's shout, free, ever free.

The prairies green,
Whose changeless billows bear the sheen
Of the ocean on their waving crests,
And its wild, free heart in their silent breasts,
Lie down by thy banks to lave
  Their feet in thy silver flood;
In their heart of hearts they have sworn thy wave
  Should bear not the hue of blood;
And thy upper current knows no stain,
And the dewy grass and the ripened grain
Are reaped in peace by the settler free,
For the prairies have kept their vow to thee.

The forest trees look down
Into thy depths, and each his monarch crown
Holds over thy calm brow, to crown thee, river,
King of long lines of forest kings forever.
Their roots are by thy throne,
  Their heads are in the sky,
And every breeze across them blown
  Lifts up an anthem high
Of praise and thanks to thee,
King of the forests old and free.

Hail! mighty river,
  Whose upper banks are white with bread,
  Whose lower red with wine—
Bread for a hungry world; life-wine forever
  For coming high, heroic spirits shed
  By those who live among the holy dead.
Hail! that thy triple portals wide are thrown;
Hail! that thy length is all our own, our own;
Hail! for the hungry millions crushed and dumb,
Of other lands than ours whose blessings come
With thy free current. Hail! for millions more,
  Whose winged hopes
  Above the slopes
Of the western, golden mountains soar
  And fill the plains
  With loaded wains,
And sit by their cottage door
  With gladdened eyes
  As cities rise
Where the Missouri's fountains roar.
  Hail! central river,
The artery of a continent whose heart
Stirs with a human throb, whose noble part
  Is to reach forth abounding hands forever,
And sow the earth with blessings rich and free;
Blood-purchased river, Hail! All Hail! to thee!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 8, 1863.

THE EFFECT OF THE LATE RIOTS.

An evening journal, which has done its best to foster the mean prejudice against negro labor, devoted one day last week one column of its sheet to a tolerably fair account of the unsurpassed heroism of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts (colored) regiment in the attack on Fort Wagner in the Bay of Charleston, and another column to a report of a meeting of mangy Jerseymen in a blind village in New Jersey, whereat resolutions were passed denouncing vengeance upon any employer who dared to hire negro laborers.

The conjunction was eminently happy. From every quarter in which war is being waged the reports of the white soldiers upon the performance of the negroes are uniformly favorable to the colored men. At Milliken's Bend they saved the day, rescued the few white troops who were engaged with them, and—a very rare thing in real warfare—actually crossed bayonets with the rebels and repulsed them. At Helena, they bore the brunt of the fighting, and defeated a superior force of the enemy. At Port Hudson, they led the forlorn hope in General Banks's unsuccessful attack upon the place, and left half of their number on the field. At Charleston, the colored regiment from Massachusetts, led by the heroic Colonel Shaw, was placed in the front, and sacrificed itself to make a way for the white troops who followed. Wherever the negroes have had a chance they have given evidence of the most exalted gallantry. Even the correspondents of the *Herald*, prejudiced as they admit themselves to have been against the employment of negro troops, are forced to admit that they never saw better fighting done than was done by the colored regiments at Charleston, Milliken's Bend and Port Hudson. They died for the Stars and Stripes by whole companies and regiments.

It was while they were thus dying that a band of men in Northern cities undertook a sort of St. Bartholomew's massacre of their kinsmen here. We will not repeat the sickening tale: how hundreds of wretched negroes, guilty of no offense but that they were not born with white skins, were hunted from their homes, beaten, mutilated, and in several cases savagely murdered; how their homes were sacked, and their wives and children driven for refuge to the station-houses; how throngs of unfortunate negroes were chased to the woods in the suburbs of the city, and sick women and little children had to spend day after day, and night after night, without food or shelter, cowering in terror in the thickets lest the Irishmen should discover their hiding-place; how poor old women, who had by a life of hard work accumulated a little trifle of furniture and money for their extreme old age, were in an hour robbed of every thing by able-bodied men—but we forbear.

These deeds were done in and around the chief city of the North, with the tacit approval of leading politicians and their newspaper organs, by gangs of men who commenced their work of pillage and murder by insisting on the furling of every American flag.

The pretext for those outrages was the fear that negroes would supersede white men as laborers—a pretext suggested by many Copperhead newspapers, seemingly in the interest of the Southern rebels. The fact is, as every person can readily inform himself by inquiry, that the demand for labor throughout the North never was as active as it is now; that laborers command higher wages and can save more money than they ever did or could; that many railway enterprises can not, even at the present high rate of wages, obtain laborers; that immigrants, freshly landed from Ireland or Germany, are positively kidnapped at Castle Garden by contractors, who want men to work at a rate of pay which, three years ago, would have been deemed extravagant. It was during this state of things, when raw labor commanded as much money as mechanical skill was happy to enjoy three years ago, that the white men of this meridian undertook to massacre the negroes lest they should compete with them for employment, and denounced employers who hired them at any rate of wages at all. It was at the very hour when negroes were pouring out their blood like water for the Stars and Stripes on the slopes of Fort Wagner that naturalized foreigners, who hauled down the Stars and Stripes wherever they saw them, tried to exterminate the negro race in New York.

Such contrasts are rare. There have been times in our history when bigoted prejudice has had sway. One of the cardinal principles of the massive people who settled New England was that no Irishmen should have part or lot there. Virginia—then a colony—urged as its foremost grievance against England that the King had employed "Irish," or, as they were generally called, "wild Irish," to perform police duty among them. Even in our time we have seen a political party organized on the exclusive basis of hostility to the Irish. But these stupid outbursts of prejudice were not forced into relief by simultaneous acts of devotion on the part of the ostracized race. Where, either in our colonial or our national history, have the Irish, as a race, won so clear a title to the gratitude of the people of the United States as the negroes have won within the past three months? Anti-Irish prejudices have died out, through their own inherent weakness; the anti-negro prejudice should have been squelched at a blow, in the minds of all good citizens, when the colored soldiers of Banks and Gilmore died at Port Hudson and Fort Wagner.

Have any of the leaders of the anti-negro riot reflected for an instant upon the effect which it will have? If they have not, we can tell them.

Quite a number of large corporations and mercantile firms are determined—not from idle notions of vengeance, but on sound business considerations—to secure hereafter labor which shall not be liable to interruption from Irish prejudices. The 'longshore business is going to pass into the hands of negroes. Foundries and factories, whose business was interrupted by the striking of workmen who turned rioters, are going to gradually make such changes as will effectually preclude such accidents hereafter. Employers who heretofore have preferred Irishmen to negroes are now going to take into consideration the riotous propensities of the former, and for the sake of their business—to which interruption is loss and possible ruin—at all events to dilute their operative force with enough colored men to secure themselves against the chance of another Irish riot. Individuals who never dreamed of employing negroes are being led by considerations of humanity and manhood to extend a helping hand to the oppressed race. And the smouldering embers of the Know-Nothing party are going again to be fanned into flame.

All this may be very unjust and unfair; but people who burn orphan asylums and murder inoffensive negroes because of their color must expect a sharp and extreme punishment.

THE LOUNGER.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Now that we can calmly contemplate the late riots, the question of responsibility can not and ought not to be evaded. Were those, then, responsible for the crimes of that July week who have insisted that the national existence must be maintained even at the sacrifice of slavery; that all good citizens must honestly support the authorities; that a Government which had a right to exist at all must have the right of calling its citizens to maintain it; and that every loyal man must consent to some temporary deprivations of privilege, and even of right, to secure the common safety? Or are those responsible who have persistently declared that the war was a war to free "niggers," that they might come to the North and be the rivals of other laborers; that the Government cared nothing for the Union, but only for the "niggers;" that the Government was a military despotism, and meant to destroy all State and individual rights; that the war was wicked and fratricidal; that poor white men were to be dragged against law, against right, and merely to free "niggers," into the bloody battle-field; that the Government was imbecile, corrupt, and designing; that the Constitution had been abolished by it; that the North and South were equally false to it; that war could never settle the quarrel; and that if the d——d Abolitionists had only let "niggers" alone there never would have been any trouble?

Which of these teachings is responsible for the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum; for the hunting, beating, and savage murder of colored people; for loosing upon the city all the desperate and depraved who come to light in every lawless tumult? Is it those who have uniformly taught obedience to law who are responsible for anarchy? Is it those who have always claimed that the color of a man's skin was no excuse for outraging him, who are responsible for the cruel massacre of the blacks? Mr. Thurlow Weed says, and says truly, in his letter to Mr. Raymond: "Journalists who persistently inflame and exasperate the ignorant and lawless against the negro are morally responsible for these outrages."

Who, then, are these journalists? Which class of them inflame and exasperate the lawless and ignorant against the colored race? Those who persistently declare that "niggers" are made for slaves; that they are naturally inferior to white men; that to say they have rights is to try to elevate them into the sphere of white men, for which they are not fitted; that it is an insult to white men to talk of freeing "niggers;" and that the National Administration wants to sacrifice white men to "niggers:" or those who persistently declare that the color of a man's skin is no reason for imbruting him and depriving him of his personal rights; and that every man of every country and of every race is equally entitled to fair play? Will Mr. Weed answer which of these classes of journalists inflame and exasperate the lawless and ignorant against colored men and women?

Or would he say that the depreciatory articles would not be written except for those of the other papers? Perhaps so. But so there would have been no rebellion if Mr. Lincoln had not been elected President. Does Mr. Weed, therefore, regret his election? If the municipal legislation of the city of Albany were prostituted to the interest of rum-selling; if the rum-sellers declared that they despised all laws that did not protect rum, and the people of Albany should pass a license law, to which the rum-sellers rose in armed opposition, flooding the city with blood, would Mr. Weed hold the temperance men responsible for the riot? Granting that they had depicted in vivid colors the woe wrought by drunkenness; granting that, impressed by the magnitude and threatening aspect of the public danger, certain men of character and talent had devoted themselves to instructing and arousing the public mind, pointing out the nature and scope of the peril, and willingly enduring to be called troublesome if they could but save the city, would Mr. Weed denounce these men as responsible for the violence of the rum-sellers? Does he mean to say that the enemies of rum and the friends of order are to let the grog-shops do exactly as they please, lest, if they are opposed, they will make trouble? Mr. Weed has not forgotten that this was exactly the argument of the Democratic papers in the last general election. If you persist in electing Mr. Lincoln, they said to their fellow-citizens, blood will flow, and you will be responsible for it. Did that argument deter Mr. Weed from voting for Mr. Lincoln? If it had deterred him would he not despise himself? And are those who voted for Mr. Lincoln in any other way responsible for the war than a man who fights a burglar whom he finds in his house is responsible for the disturbance?

Mr. Weed's bitter animosity against certain anti-slavery men has confused his mind. When he depicts Mr. Phillips welcoming the massacre of negroes as fresh fuel for his eloquence, he is guilty of a slander which his cooler reflection will heartily condemn. But if he really believes that Mr. Horatio Seymour and Mr. Fernando Wood are truer friends of the colored man than Mr. Phillips or Mr. Greeley, he is no longer a morally responsible person. For conceding what he calls the "fanaticism" of such men, is an immoderate zeal for humanity and justice more pernicious to the commonwealth than persistent craft to establish injustice and perpetuate slavery? Mr. Weed's letter is worthy of his heart, in its generous gift and warm sympathy for the unfortunate. But it is utterly unworthy of his head, in its extenuation of the most wanton crime by the indiscretion of honest men.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Every loyal citizen in the country is profoundly interested in the conduct of the Governor of New York in a crisis so important as this. During the late riot, which was a bloody, reckless, and savage defiance of the laws by the worst part of the population of this city, it was remarked that his tone was obsequious and servile; that he deprecated instead of commanding; and that he told a mob which was outraging property, destroying the public peace, and cruelly massacring the helpless and unfortunate, that he had asked the Government to suspend the operation of the law. When this suspicious servility did not avail, and the riot grew more extensive and sanguinary, and it was clear that he was dealing with desperate criminals, the Governor was still unwilling to fire upon "the citizens." Indeed, if he had wished to encourage the mob, first by giving it a pretext, and then by assuring it that, although he considered its operations irregular, he still regarded it with sympathy, his conduct would not have been different. What is the explanation of this apparent virtual complicity of the chief magistrate of New York with a fearful riot?

Mr. Seymour wishes to be the next President of the United States. He must secure the vote of New York, which is his State. But as the bulk of his State vote lies in New York city, and as he knew that every rioter or friend of the rioters who voted at all would vote for him, were he a candidate, he did not like to peril his chances by a rigorous opposition to the mob. Nor was this surprising. Mr. Seymour has never hesitated to pander to the passions and prejudices of the most ignorant class of the population. Any one may satisfy himself of this by reading his speeches. It is upon that class, and upon certain capitalists who politically fraternize with the mob, upon the same principle that the King of Naples propitiates the Lazaroni, that Mr. Seymour, Mr. Wood, and politicians of their school, depend for political success. Hence the Governor addresses the rioters as "my friends," which as Mr. Seymour simply he has a right to do, for every man may choose his friends; but as Governor and Chief Magistrate he has no right whatever to call rioters his friends. Hence, also, he represents himself as the defender of rioters against the tyranny of the National Government, and implores them to disperse, telling them that they may assemble again whenever they please, and insinuating that if the draft were not suspended their action would be justified. The Chief Magistrate of New York was loudly cheered by the men who were madly defying the laws.

Mr. Seymour's position toward the riot was precisely that he holds toward the rebellion. It must not be coerced. Coercion might exasperate, and then what chance would there be for those who counseled coercion? He wishes to be President. But he knows that if the rebellion is subdued and the Union maintained by this Administration, the friends and principles of the Administration will remain in power. His cue, therefore, is to perplex the authorities and prolong the war, that the country may insist upon a change. Hence if a threatening riot breaks out at the North simultaneously with our successes over the rebellion, it disheartens the loyal, and delights the rebels and their friends. The riot checks the suppression of the rebellion, and must therefore not be itself sternly suppressed, but entreated and toyed with. "Don't shoot the citizens," says the Chief Magistrate. "Don't use guns, use clubs, they are softer than bullets," says the Chief Magistrate's newspaper. This riot is a "popular uprising," a "movement of the people," say the Governor and his newspaper. This riot is "good," it is "most excellent," echo the rebel journals in Richmond.

Obviously Mr. Seymour's *rôle* has two difficulties: the first is, so to direct the "popular uprising" that it shall have the dignity of a real revolution, and not become an orgy of rapine and massacre, having no relation whatever to the draft; the second is, when the State is formally arrayed against the nation, to persuade the citizens of New York that they ought to take part with their State against their country. The citizens of this State who compose the State militia are no less citizens of the United States. If an armed conflict of allegiance should arise, how would they fight? That is a question for the chief magistrate and for every citizen to ponder, and its solution will depend upon the quality of the Union sentiment of the State. If New York holds to secession, it would, in such a conflict, side with Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wood. If it believed in the national Union it would not side with those gentlemen.

"THE GREAT CAPTAIN."

The rebel papers, when swelling with success, have been very fond of applying this name to Lee, or Stonewall Jackson, or some other of their military commanders. And it has not been unfashionable, even among loyal men, to regret that the military ability seemed to be so much with the enemy.

But certainly General Lee is rather a small specimen of a "great captain." He has fought two battles at Fredericsburg, where he was in the one superbly intrenched, and in the other he fought with an army whose leader had lost his self-command. In these two battles he was the victor. Twice, also, he has marched with a great flourish of European, and rebel, and Copperhead applause across the Potomac—and twice, not to put too fine a point upon it, he has been kicked back again. While Stonewall Jackson lived, Lee may have seemed to be a "great captain." Lee was the superior in rank, but it was Stonewall Jackson who came rushing down the Shenandoah. It was Stonewall Jackson who came hurrying in upon the Peninsula. It was Stonewall Jackson who flanked Pope. And it was again Stonewall Jackson who flanked Hooker. Since Stonewall Jackson died, the history of the "great captain" Lee begins and ends at Gettysburg.

Jackson's exploits were those of an active, impetuous partisan leader. He moved his division rapidly. He appeared at unexpected points at unlooked-for times, and his appearance was always effective. But there is nothing in Jackson's career, no vast operations, no large command, no comprehensive movement, which shows the qualities of "a great captain." These qualities must be sought, and will be found among the generals of the Union.

The operations before Vicksburg, with the final movement of a flying column from one base to another through the enemy's country, the investment and capture of the city, indicate a military grasp and persistence and fertility in General Grant of which there has not been a trace in the career of any rebel soldier. The Louisiana campaign of General Banks, ending in the siege and capture of Port Hudson, is a chapter of uncheckered brilliancy, as imposing and useful as the Northern campaigns of the "great captain" Lee have been ludicrous and futile. The turning the tide of battle at Murfreesboro, and the careful preparation which won a victory without a struggle in the summer campaign of Rosecrans in Southern Tennessee, is unparalleled in the whole military history of the rebellion. Against these prodigious and vital movements the rushes of Jackson, rapid and telling as they were, are but little episodes, and the pompous performances of Lee and Beauregard are merely amusing. The liberators of the Mississippi and of Tennessee, and the victor of Lee and his horde, are thus far the "great captains" of this war.

A TRANSPARENT MASK.

It is always useless and uncomfortable to wear a mask after you are discovered; and it is therefore a spectacle appealing to the liveliest sympathies of the humane, that of the pertinacity with which the Copperhead journals and orators affect concern for the safety of the Union and Government.

If it were not perfectly well known that they justified secession when it inaugurated rebellion, and when they thought the country would be obliged to submit—if it were not equally known that they hate the political party in power much more than they hate the rebellion—if they did not quite so frankly declare that the Government has violated the Constitution as flagrantly as the rebels—if they did not so plainly show that they prefer disunion rather than a restoration of the Union with emancipation—if they were not so constantly overwhelmed with admiration of the "Confederate" ability, and the dignity of the "Confederate" Government, and the valor of the "Confederate" army—if they ever had any words but the most scornful censure for our own Government, or ever sought to inspire the public mind with patriotic hope and energy and faith—if they betrayed the least love of the great doctrine of human liberty, which is the corner-stone of the American Government, or valued any clause of the Constitution but those which painfully and obscurely recognize the fact of slavery—if they did not so magnify our reverses and belittle our triumphs—it might be useful for their purpose still to wear the mask of loyalty.

But when they ruffle their plumes with so fine a show of moral indignation, and demand to know whether American citizens are to be told by their fellows that they are not loyal without resenting it, the only difficulty with the showy performance is that every honest man in the land knows it to be a part of the game. It is the way in which they serve the rebellion. They affect a feverish solicitude for the Constitution, in order that the Constitution may be more surely overthrown. They claim to be Union men, distinctively, that they may resist all specific measures for its salvation. They declaim against military necessity, in order that a wily and unscrupulous foe may have every advantage. They defame the Government, that it may not seem to be worth fighting for. They denounce it as a despotism, that there may be riots, blood, and war in the free States. They assume a high regard for personal liberty and rights, in order that the personal liberty and rights of the unfortunate may be annihilated. They call themselves friends of the United States Government, and every thing they say or do is hailed with joy by its enemies. They claim to be supporters of order and law, and anarchy rises and riots under their auspices. They will wear the mask still, however transparent, because some are always deceived. But if Jeff Davis should stand triumphant over the Government to-morrow, they would kneel before him, throwing down the mask no longer needed, and humbly praying for the reward they have fairly earned from him and from every other enemy of their country.

FOREIGN WAR.

Whether the wolf of foreign intervention is really coming at last, after the incessant alarms of the last two years, is quite as doubtful as ever. It is not, indeed, the usual custom of nations to wait until an adversary has fully proved his strength before attacking him. Moreover, the only pretense that could be urged for recognizing the revolted part of a friendly country as an independent power is removed by the success of the Government. Unless, therefore, we suppose that England and France are confident that we mean to seize the moment of domestic settlement to declare war upon them, and that they therefore wish to begin war against us before we are fully released from our difficulties, we have no reason to suppose that we are in danger of a foreign war.

Is France in condition to enter upon the conquest of this continent? Does her situation in Europe justify a great American war? Or is England likely to join her in an Anti-American alliance? Again, does England wish a great war? Is not her present resolution to spend no more money, and did not the Crimean war so increase the weight of her taxes as to render war with us a dangerous experiment? Do not England and France know perfectly well that, in case of universal war, Russia is our ally, and that a vast popular revolution would immediately develop itself throughout Europe?

If we will destroy ourselves, John Bull will enjoy the spectacle he has long wished. But even to gratify his insolent and sullen selfishness he will hardly dare to attack us just as we have made ourselves a military nation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Optical Illusion.—A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

"Have I not offered you every advantage?" said a doting father to his son. "Oh yes," replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking advantage of my own father."

It is as important in guarding your secrets as in protecting your treasure to keep your chest locked.

A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of Champagne—still and sparkling.

VARIETY.

(Lines by a Young Lady.)

When I regard that plumage gay,
By Nature's bounty all conferred,
I often feel disposed to say,
Would I were clothed as yonder bird!

But oh, that moulting! To appear
In dishabille until 'twas o'er,
To get a dress but once a year,
And wear one fashion evermore!

When I consider all those things,
I check the wish that seems absurd,
And sigh no more for golden wings:
I'd not be clothed like yonder bird.

Mottoes.—A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a fool's, "Win gold and end it;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

Chance for Speculation.—An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the "brick bat."

A dandy a few mornings since accosted the carrier of Peckham as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

Question for Etymologists.—Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

"There, now it's *done*, and can't be *helped*," as the cook said when she had roasted and eaten her master's chicken.

"You are very pressing," as the filbert said to the nut-cracker.

The most musical county in Scotland.—The county of Fife.

A land-slide may be said to be a fine specimen of "ground tumbling."

The table which was "set in a roar" has been presented as an ornament to the lions' cage at the Regent's Park Gardens.

Wanted, by a curiosity collector, the horns of an Irish "bull."

Not long since one of the field-officers of the 1st Blank-town Volunteers rode up to head-quarters, his horse reeking with foam from hard riding, dismounted, and threw the reins to Giles, saying, "Feed him." "Is he not too warm to feed now?" inquired Giles. "No, you may feed him now with impunity." "Impunity? Quarter-master Jones has furnished the usual quantity of forage, but nary pound of impunity!"

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent beau is dangerous.

Larning.—"Ah," said old Mrs. Roosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year; and them's spring, fall, and autumn; I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a gal!"

A certain gentleman in the West of England being at the point of death, a neighboring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with a breach of friendship, and said he wanted his death. "No, no, doctor," says the other; "you quite mistake; it is your *living* I wanted."

The Climax.—A clergyman in Wisconsin, one Sunday, informed his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts—the first should be terrible, the second horrible, the third the terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, he exclaimed in a startling agonizing tone:

"What's that I see there?" Still louder, "What's that I see there?" Here a little old woman in black cried out, with shrill treble tone:

"It's nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite nobody."

All mercantile houses, where the duties are well attended to, are sure to become custom-houses.

It is easier to make up one's mind to early rising than one's body.

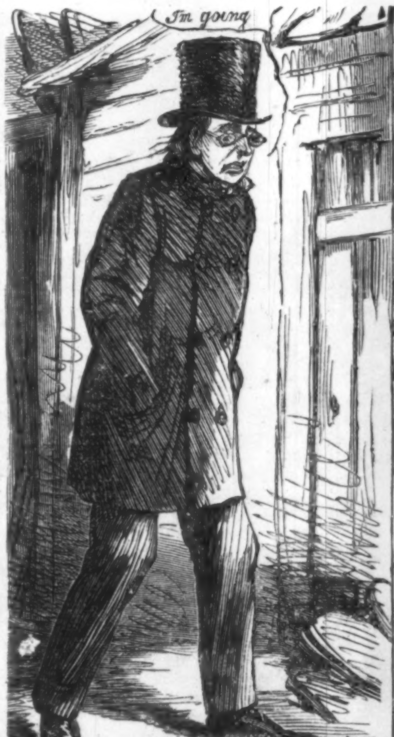
A reverend dean, economical of his wine, descanting on the extraordinary performance of a blind man, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "No wonder, Sir," replied a minor canon; "for I have seen no more than that bottle all the afternoon."

A fellow having been adjudged, on a conviction of perjury, to lose his ears, when the executioner came to put the sentence of the law in force, he found that he had been entirely cropped. The hangman seemed a little surprised. "What," said the criminal, with all the coolness imaginable, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears every time you are pleased to crop me?"

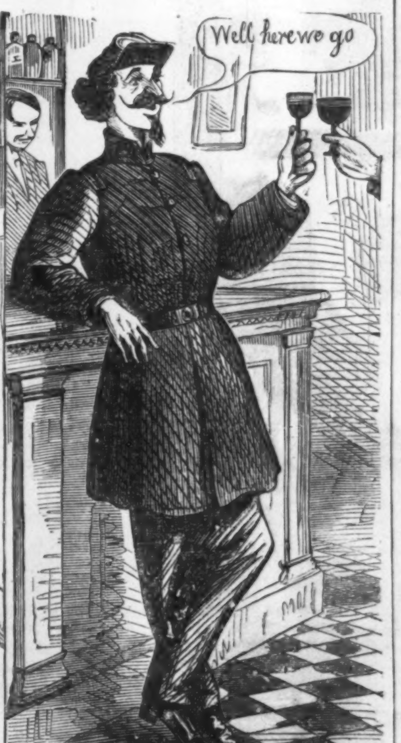
Mrs. Partington is delighted that Prince Alfred would have nothing to do with Foreign Greece. She says she always thought he had much better stick to his native Ile.

In the way of pointing a swell's biography it is remarked that all's well if a swell ends a swell as he began.

Conscience is a Monitor, but the Monitors in most bosoms are iron-clad.



Mr. Lilly Liver as he appeared immediately after the publication of the General Order of the War Department for the arrest of all Deserters.



Mr. Lilly Le Vere as he appeared in New York previous to the publication of the General Order of the War Department for the arrest of all Deserters.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Nothing quite positive is known of the position of the two armies of the Potomac. It is understood, however, that while we hold the upper passes of the mountains, A. P. Hill's and Longstreet's corps have escaped through Chester and Thornton's Gap into Eastern Virginia. Our forces are said to be active, and skirmishing goes on daily. A report is current that Lee is at or near Culpepper.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON.

We give an account elsewhere of the unsuccessful attack of General Gilmore on Fort Wagner on 18th. It would appear that the bombardment was steadily continued from that time to the 25th. The rebels say that on 25th "The bombardment of Fort Wagner was still progressing, and was answered by Fort Wagner and Fort Sumter. The National forces are said to have two batteries on Morris Island, and to have strengthened their position." On 26th the firing was heard by a passing vessel. It was heavy and continuous.

THE LATEST FROM GRANT.

Joe Johnston evacuated Jackson on the night of the 16th, escaping across the river, and retreating east. General Sherman, however, entertains the opinion that most of his army must perish from heat, lack of water, and general discouragement. On 23d General Sherman is said to have burned and evacuated Jackson, moving with his army across the Big Black. General M'Pherson's corps left Vicksburg for the North on 21st—it was said for Richmond.

CAPTURE OF MORGAN.

Morgan is captured at last—himself and the whole of his force. On the morning of 26th ult. Major Way, with 250 of the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, forced him to an engagement near Salinville, Ohio, and routed him, capturing 240 prisoners, Morgan himself, however, escaping with 300 men; but they were all subsequently captured by General Shackleford near New Lisbon. Morgan and his officers are to be held as hostages for Colonel Streight and his officers, who are in close confinement in Secessia on the charge of having armed negroes.

MOVEMENTS OF ROSECRANS.

In the Richmond *Enquirer* of 26th ult. is a dispatch from Atlanta, Georgia, which expresses the belief that General Rosecrans is organizing an expedition against that place, and a raid on the Northwestern Georgia Railroad.

Rosecrans himself has been in Nashville, reviewing troops and inspecting hospitals.

AN EXPEDITION TO NATCHEZ.

General Ransom's expedition to Natchez was one of much importance, and attended with the most gratifying results. Among the captures were 5000 head of Texas cattle, a considerable number of prisoners, and a number of wagons loaded with ammunition, intended for Kirby Smith.

FOSTER'S NORTH CAROLINA RAID.

General Foster's official report of the results of the cavalry expedition in North Carolina has been received at the War Department. In addition to the railroad bridge at Rocky Mount, on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, which it will take weeks to replace, and the mills, both flouring and cotton, already mentioned, our forces destroyed an engine and a train of cars, twenty-five wagons filled with stores and munitions, an armory and machine-shops; and at Tarboro, two steamboats and one iron-clad in process of construction, besides a saw-mill, a train of cars, and large quantities of subsistence and ordnance stores. About a hundred prisoners were also captured, and some three hundred horses and mules and three hundred contrabands. And all this with a loss in killed, wounded, and missing, of only about twenty-five men, though our force was skirmishing almost constantly.

ANOTHER REBEL INVASION.

There is another invasion excitement in Kentucky. A severe skirmish took place at Richmond on 28th, in which a small National force was compelled to fall back to the Kentucky River, and the report is current that the rebel force engaged was the advance-guard of Bragg's army, which is advancing on Lexington.

OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of Tuesday says:

The steamer *Continental*, Captain Patrick Yore—the first boat to load at this port for New Orleans since the opening of the Mississippi River—is advertised to leave for below immediately. The *Continental* received orders to load for New Orleans with Government freight yesterday afternoon. We are not advised as to whether passengers will be carried or not. The event marks an important era, and it is hoped will speedily be followed by the departure of other steamers, and a general resumption of business between this port and the Crescent City."

FIGHT AT ELK CREEK.

On the 14th ult. a severe fight occurred at Elk Creek, fifty miles south of Fort Gibson, between the National forces under General Blunt, numbering 2400 men, with twelve pieces of artillery, and the rebels under General Cooper, numbering 5000, resulting in the complete rout of the rebels. General Blunt marched fifty miles in twenty-four hours, and attacked Cooper immediately. Two rebel guns were dismounted and captured, and the enemy briskly fled, pursued by our forces.

A REBEL FAST.

Jeff Davis has issued a proclamation appointing the 21st of August as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Official statements show that the total public debt of the United States on the 1st July was $1,097,274,366—less by over $25,000,000 than anticipated by the Secretary of the Treasury last December.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ROEBUCK BACKS DOWN.

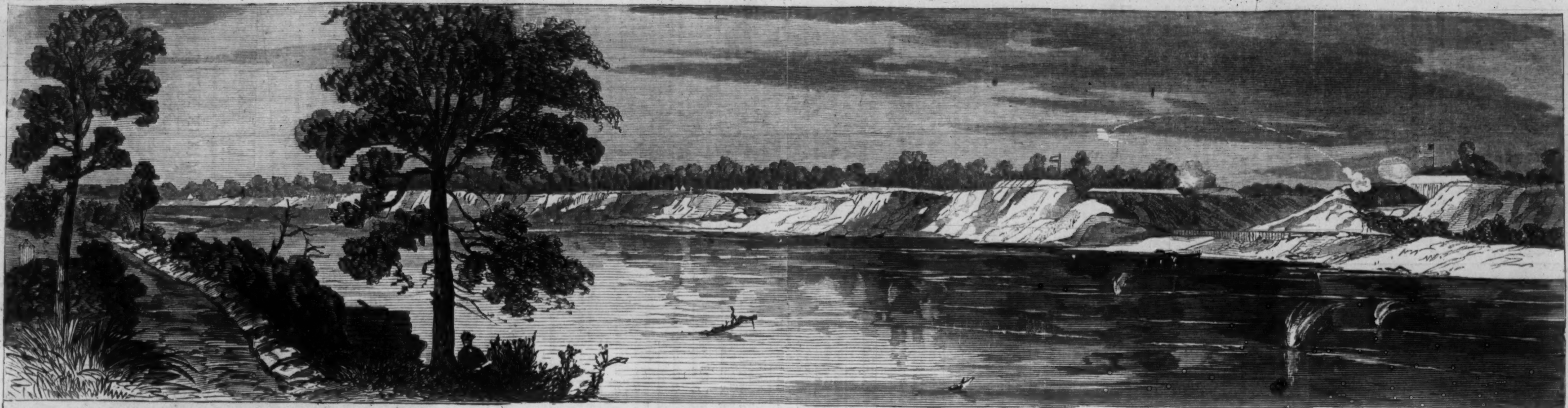
At the instance of Lord Palmerston, Roebuck has withdrawn his motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy after a lively debate.

MEXICO.

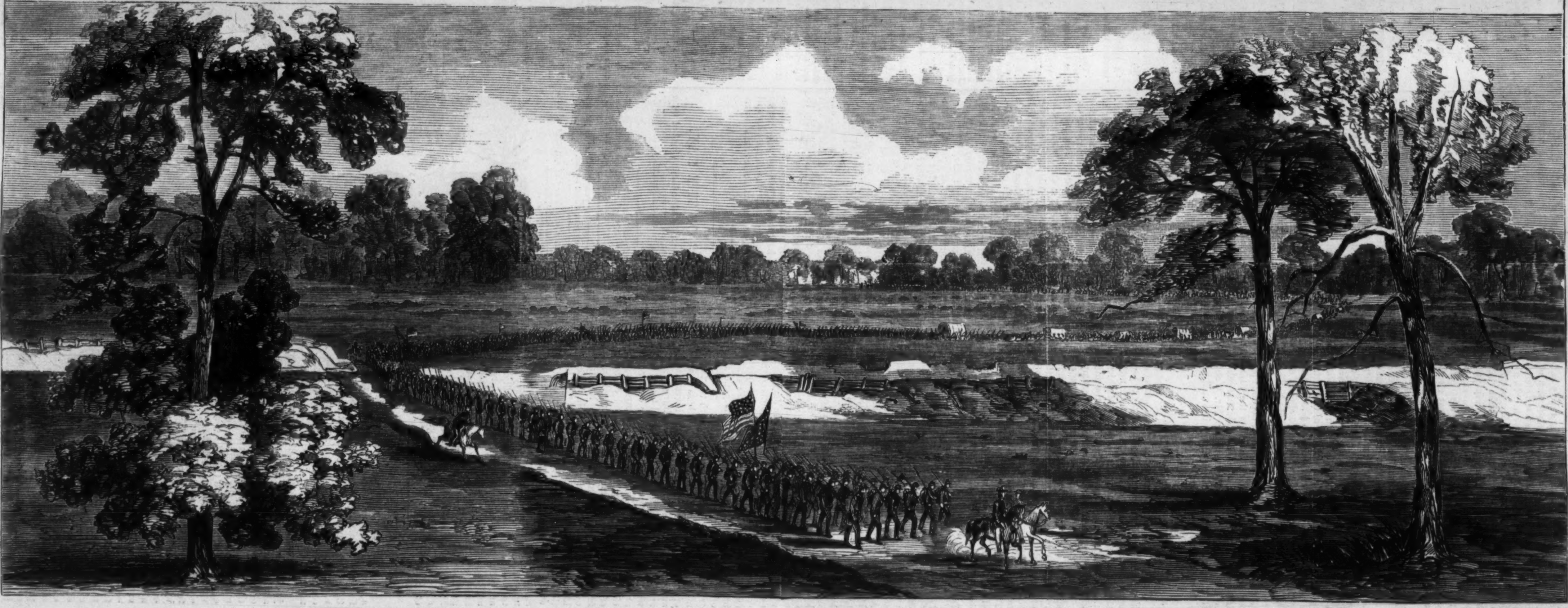
AN EMPEROR WANTED.

On 10th July the Assembly of Notables, being duly assembled by a previous convocation, declared unanimously, with the exception of two votes, that the Mexican nation, through them, selected the Empire as the form of Government, and through them proclaimed the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, Emperor of Mexico, and that, should his Highness refuse the throne thus offered him, they implored the Emperor of the French to select a person in whom he had full confidence to occupy the throne of Mexico.

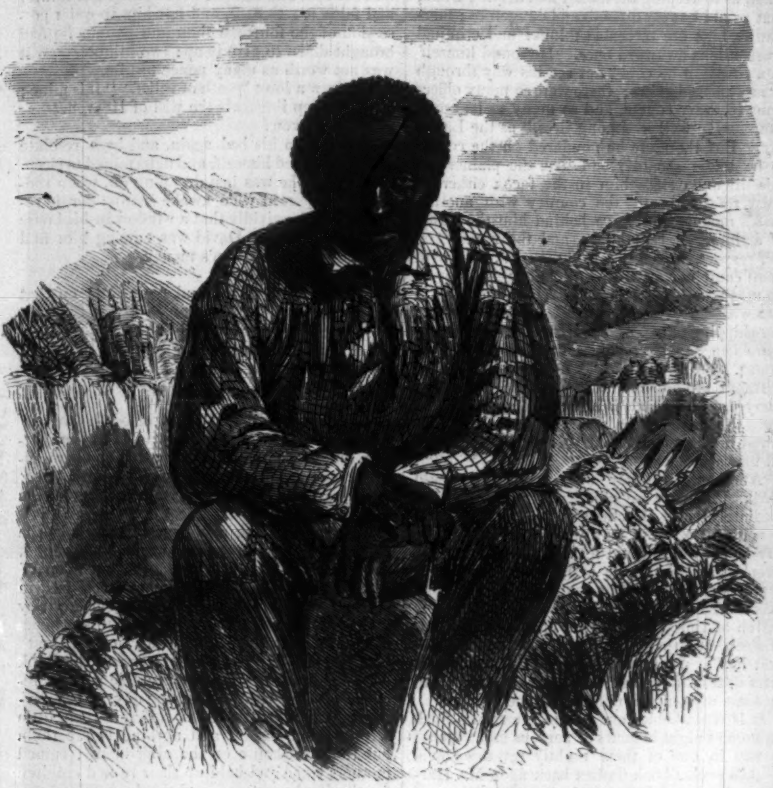
The Assembly of Notables is a party of renegades and bandits got together by Forey the French General.



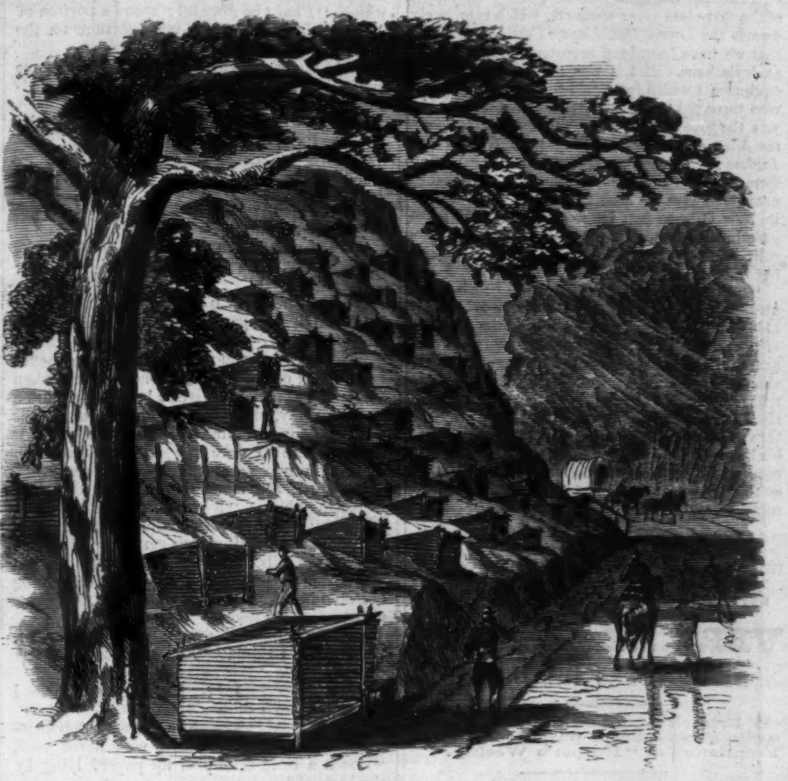
PORT HUDSON FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE RIVER.



THE UNION FORCES ENTERING THE BREAST-WORKS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF PORT HUDSON, JULY 9, 1863.—From a Sketch by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 497.]



ABRAHAM, WHO WAS BLOW'D "FREE" MILE IN DE AIR.



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—HUTS ON THE HILL-SIDE.

VICKSBURG.

We publish in this number two remaining pictures from Vicksburg, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. One of them represents the man

WHO WAS BLOWED "FREE" MILE IN DE AIR.

Mr. Davis writes:

"Head-quarters Major-General M'Pherson,
July 1, 1863.

"This negro, the only person who escaped with his life at the time the mine under Fort Hill exploded, was at work with a number of the rebel soldiery 'sinking a shaft' for the purpose of discovering any gallery that might have been 'run by our miners' beneath their works.

"The negro was blown a distance of nearly three hundred yards, and was, when picked up, in a most disturbed state of mind:

"'De Lord, massa'—quoth he—'tink neber should light—yah, yah! went up 'bout free mile. Ax a white man when I start whare *wese* going, and de next I know'd he was just nowhere but all over.'

"While sketching Abraham the officers gathered around, and the numerous queries put to him were rather wittily responded to.

"Finishing the sketch, he scrutinized it for a moment, then broke into a 'Yah, yah! de Lord, dis chile shore—Massa give me a quarter?'

"One of General M'Pherson's staff, Colonel Coolbaugh, bestowed a silver half upon the delighted African, who made tracks for the negro quarters near in a style showing that he was but little the worse for his aerial voyage."

The other picture shows us the tents which our troops erected in the sides of the hills to shelter them from the fierce June sun—a very striking picture. Mr. Davis writes:

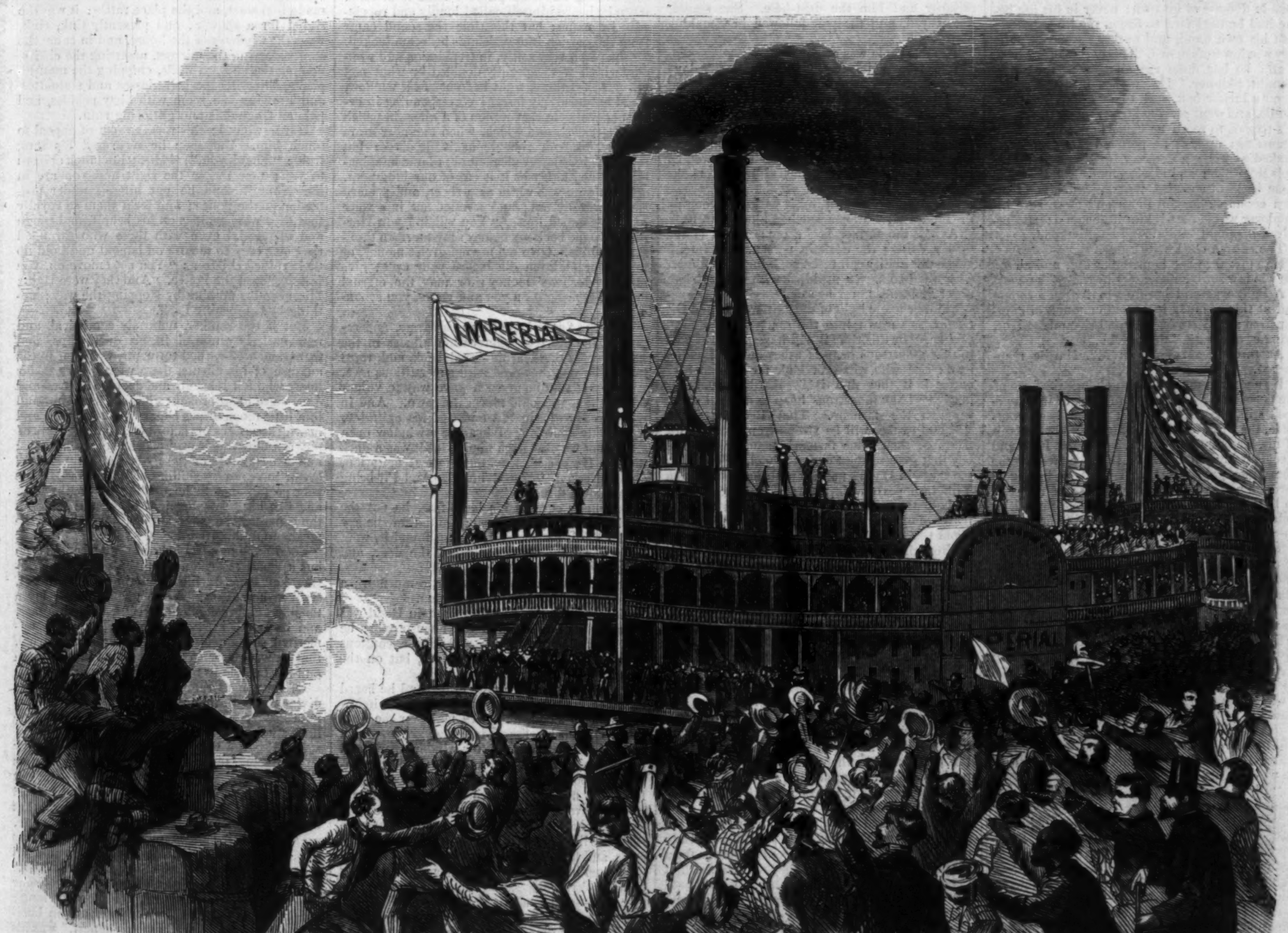
"THE CANE HUTS IN THE HILL-SIDE.

"Without tents, our men are reduced to all sorts of expedients for shelter, camped, too, within musket-shot of the enemy. In every hill-side near our works may be seen such scenes as are shown in the sketch that I send. Shelter and bed are made of the cane that grows so abundantly every where in this region. It furnishes excellent shelter and a comfortable bed, as I, who have slept many nights on one, can testify."

OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

We reproduce on this page a sketch, by Mr. J. R. Hamilton, of this interesting event, which may strictly be termed historical. The New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following description of it:

"The whole town was thrown into a state of pleasing excitement on Thursday last, just after the *Creole* sailed, by the sudden appearance at the levee of the large steamboat *Imperial*, just in from St. Louis. She came down freighted with some 600 head of cattle, part of a large haul that was made at Natchez a short time ago. She had a pleasant, unmolested trip all the way down, and reported the river perfectly quiet between this and St. Louis."



THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI—ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER "IMPERIAL" AT NEW ORLEANS FROM ST. LOUIS, JULY 16, 1863.—[From a Sketch by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.]

"The *Imperial* is an immense, showy vessel, one of the first-class river steamers, which completely dwarfs the *Laurel Hill, Empire Parish*, and others that we have been long accustomed to look upon as leviathans. But it was not her size nor fine equipments which impressed the eager multitudes who thronged to see her; it was the fact that she was the *first freight boat which had ventured down the Mississippi since the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson*; and every one who gazed upon her proud form saw in her the embodiment of reawakened commerce with the Mississippi Valley. She staid in New Orleans just long enough to receive the greetings of hundreds, and then went on to Carrollton, near the city, where she unloaded her living freight.

"The speedy arrival of this vessel here—so immediately following the capture of the rebel strongholds—tells as significant a story of the downfall of the rebellion as would the destruction of a rebel army. Let Commerce once resume her accustomed channels, and all the eloquence of Belial himself will not persuade the people of the South to continue the horrid pastime of cutting their brothers' throats—for what?—merely that Jeff Davis and his handful of wily oligarchs shall retain power to count their heads of human cattle, and build up on this Continent a temple of Despotism upon the ruins of human liberty."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXV.

To return to the Bank: Skinner came back from the Dodds' that miserable afternoon in a state of genuine agitation and regret. He was human, and therefore mixed; and their desolation had shocked him.

The footman told him Mr. Hardie was not at home; gone to London, he believed. Skinner walked away dejected. What did this mean? Had he left the country?

He smiled at his fears, and felt positive Mr. Hardie had misled the servants, and was quietly waiting for him in the Bank parlor.

It was now dusk: he went round to that little dark nook of the garden the parlor window opened on, and tapped: there was no reply; the room looked empty. He tried the sash: it yielded: Mr. Hardie had been too occupied with embezzling another's property to take common precautions in defense of his own; never in his life before had he neglected to fasten the iron shutters with his own hand, and to-day he had left the very window unfastened. This augured ill. "He is off: he has done me along with the rest," thought Skinner. He stepped into the room, found a lucifer box, shut the shutters, lighted a candle, and went peering about among the Banker's papers, to see if he could find a clew to his intentions: and, as he pottered and peered, he quaked as well: a detector by dishonest means feels thief-like; and is what he feels. He made some little discoveries, that guided him in his own conduct; he felt more and more sure his employer would outwit him if he could; and resolved it should be diamond cut diamond.

The church clock struck one.

He started at the hour, crept out, and closed the window softly: then away by the garden gate.

A light was still burning in Alfred's room: and at this Skinner had another touch of compunction; "There is one won't sleep this night, along of our work," thought he.

At three next afternoon Mr. Hardie reappeared.

He had gone up to town to change the form of the deposit:—He took care to think of it as a deposit still, the act of deposit having been complete, the withdrawal incomplete, and by no fault of his, for he had offered it back; but Fate and Accident had interposed—He had converted the notes into gold direct, and the bills into gold through notes; this was like going into the river to hide his trail. Next process: he turned his gold into £500 notes; and came flying home with them.

His return was greeted by Skinner with a sigh of relief. Hardie heard it, interpreted it aright, and sent for him into the parlor: and there told him, with a great affectation of frankness, what he had done: then asked significantly if there was any news at Albion Villa.

Skinner, in reply, told Mr. Hardie of the distress he had witnessed up at Albion Villa: "And, Sir," said he, lowering his voice, "Mr. Alfred helped carry the body up stairs.—It is a nice mess altogether, Sir, when you come to think."

"Ah! all the better," was the cool reply, "he will be useful to let us know what we want; he will tell Jane, and Jane me. You don't think he will live, do you?"

"Live! no: and then who will know the money is here?"

"Who should know? Did not he say he had just landed, and been shipwrecked? Shipwrecked men do not bring fourteen thousand pounds ashore." The speaker's eyes sparkled; Skinner watched him demurely. "Skinner," said he, solemnly, "I believe my daughter Jane is right; and that Providence really interferes sometimes in the affairs of this world: you know how I have struggled, to save my family from disgrace and poverty: those struggles have failed in a great degree: but Heaven has seen them, and saved this money from the sea, and dropped it into my very hands to retrieve my fortunes with. "I must be grateful: spend a portion of it in charity; and rear a noble fortune on the rest. Confound it all!"

And his crest-fallen countenance showed some ugly misgiving had flashed on him quite suddenly.

"What, Sir? what?" asked Skinner, eagerly. "The receipt?!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The receipt? Oh, is that all? *you* have got that," said Skinner, very coolly.

"What makes you think so?" inquired the other, keenly. He instantly suspected Skinner of having it.

"Why, Sir, I saw it in his hand."

"Then it has got to Albion Villa; and we are ruined."

"No, no, Sir; you won't hear me: I am sure I saw it fall out of his hand when he was taken ill: and, I think, but I won't be sure, he fell on it. Any way, there was nothing in his hands when I delivered him at Albion Villa; so it must be here: I dare say you have thrown it into a drawer or somewhere, promiscuously."

"No, no, Skinner," said Mr. Hardie, with increasing alarm: "it is useless for us to deceive ourselves: I was not three minutes in the room, and thought of nothing but getting to town and cashing the bills."

He rang the bell sharply, and on Betty coming in asked her what she had done with that paper that was on the floor.

"Took it up and put it on the table, Sir. This was it, I think." And she laid her finger upon a paper.

"No, no!" said Mr. Hardie: "the one I mean was much smaller than that."

"What," said she with that astonishing memory for trifles people have, who never read, "was it a little crumpled up paper? lying by the basket?"

"Yes! yes! that sounds like it."

"Oh, I put that *into* the basket."

Mr. Hardie's eye fell directly on the basket, but it was empty. She caught his glance, and told him she had emptied it in the dust-hole as usual. Mr. Hardie uttered an angry exclamation. Betty, an old servant of his wife's, resented it with due dignity by tossing her head as she retired.

"There is no help for it," said Mr. Hardie, bitterly; "we must go and grub in the dust-hole now."

"Why, Sir, your name is not on it after all."

"What does that matter? A man is bound by the act of his agent: besides it is my form, and my initials are on it. Come, let us put a good face on the thing." And he led the way to the kitchen; and got up a little laugh, and asked the scullery maid if she could show Mr. Skinner and him the dust-hole. She stared, but obeyed, and the pair followed her, making merry.

The dust-hole was empty.

The girl explained: "It is the dustman's day: he came at eleven o'clock in the morning and carr'd all the dust away: and grumbled at the paper and the bones he did. So I told him beggars mustn't be choosers: just like his impudence! when he gets it for nothing, and sells it for a mint outside the town." The unwonted visitors left her in dead silence almost before she had finished her sentence.

Mr. Hardie sat down in his parlor thoroughly discomposed; Skinner watched him furtively.

At last the former broke out: "This is the devil's doing; the devil in person. No intelligence nor ability can resist such luck. I almost wish we had never meddled with it: we shall never feel safe, never be safe."

Skinner made light of the matter—treated the receipt as thrown into the sea. "Why, Sir," said he, "by this time it will have found its way to that monstrous heap of ashes on the London road; and who will ever look for it there? or notice it if they find it?" Hardie shook his head: "That monstrous heap is all sold every year to the farmers. That Receipt, worth £14,000 to me, will be strewed on the soil for manure: then some farmer's man, or farmer's boy that goes to the Sunday school, will read it, see Captain Dodd's name, and bring it to Albion Villa in hopes of a sixpence: a sixpence. Heaven help the man who does a doubtful act, and leaves damnatory evidence, on paper, kicking about the world."

From that hour the cash Hardie carried in his bosom, without a right to it, began to blister.

He thought of telling the dustman he had lost a paper, and setting him to examine the mountain of ashes on the London Road: but here caution stepped in; how could he describe the paper without awakening curiosity and defeating his own end? He gave that up. It was better to let the sleeping dog lie.

Finally, he resolved to buy security in a world where after all one has to buy every thing; so he employed an adroit agent, and quietly purchased that mountain, the refuse of all Bankington. But he felt so ill used, he paid for it in his own notes; by this means the treaty reverted to the primitive form of barter:* ashes for rags.

This transaction he concealed from his confederate.

When he had completed it, he was not yet secure; for another day had passed, and Captain Dodd alive still. Men often recover from apoplexy, especially when they survive the first twenty-four hours. Should he live, he would not now come into any friendly arrangement with the man who had so nearly caused his death. So then good-by to the matrimonial combination Hardie had at first relied on to patch his debt to Alfred, and his broken fortunes. Then as to keeping the money and defying Dodd, that would be very difficult and dangerous; mercantile bills are traceable things: and criminal prosecutions awkward ones. He found himself in a situation he could not see his way through by any mental effort; there were so many objections to every course, and so many to its opposite. "He walked among fires," as the Latins say. But the more he pondered on the course to be taken should Dodd live, the plainer did this dilemma stare him in the face; either he must refund, or fly the country with another man's money, and leave behind him the name of a thief. Parental love, and the remains of self-respect, writhed at this thought; and with these combined a sentiment less genuine, but by no means feeble—the love of reputation. So it was with a reluctant and sick heart he went to the shipping-office, and peered at the posters, to see when the next ship sailed for the United States. Still he did go.

Intent on his own schemes, and expecting every day to be struck in front, he did not observe that a man in a rusty velveteen coat followed him, and observed this act; and indeed all his visible acts.

Another perplexity was, when he should break. There were objections to doing it immediately; and objections to putting it off.

With all this the man was in a ferment: by day he sat waiting and fearing, by night he lay sleepless and thinking; and, though his stoical countenance retained its composure, the furrows deepened in it, and the iron nerves began to twitch at times, from strain of mind and want of sleep, and that rack, suspense. Not a night that he did not awaken a dozen times from his brief dozes with a start, and a dread of exposure by some mysterious, unforeseen, means.

It is remarkable how truths sometimes flash on men at night in hours of nervous excitement: it was in one of these nightly reveries David Dodd's pocket-book flashed back upon Mr. Hardie. He saw it before his eyes quite plain, and on the inside of the leather cover a slip of paper pasted, and written on in pencil or pale ink, he could not recall which.

What was that writing? It might be the numbers of the notes, the description of the bills. Why had he not taken it out of the dying man's pocket? "Fool! fool!" he groaned; "to do any thing by halves."

Another night he got a far severer shock. Lying in his bed dozing, and muttering, as usual, he was suddenly startled out of that uneasy slumber by three tremendous knocks at the street door.

He sprang out of bed, and in his confusion made sure the officers of justice were come for him: he began to huddle on his clothes with a vague notion of flight.

He had got on his trowsers and slippers, and was looking under his pillow for the fatal cash, when he heard himself called loudly and repeatedly by name; but this time the sound came from the garden into which his bedroom looked. He opened it very softly, in trepidation and wonder, which were speedily doubled by what met his eyes; for there, right in front of his window, stood an unearthly figure; corresponding in every particular to that notion of a ghost in which we are reared, and which, when our nerves are healthy, we can ridicule as it deserves; but somehow it is never cleaned out of our imagination so thoroughly as it is out of our judgment.

The figure was white as a sheet, and seemed supernaturally tall; and it cried out in a voice like a wounded lion's, "You villain! you Hardie! give me back my money: my fourteen thousand pounds. Give me my children's money, or may your children die before your eyes: give me my darlings' money; or may the eternal curse of God light on you and yours, you scoundrel!"

And the figure kneeled on the grass, and repeated the terrible imprecation almost in the same words; that Hardie shrank back, and, resolute as he was, cowered with superstitious awe.

But this sentiment soon gave way to vulgar fears; the man would alarm the town. And in fact Mr. Hardie, in the midst of his agitation, was dimly conscious of hearing a window open softly, not very far from him. But it was a dark night. He put his head out in great agitation, and whispered, "Hush! hush! And I'll bring it you down directly."

Internally cursing his hard fate, he got the fatal cash; put on his coat; hunted for the key of the Bank parlor, and, having found it, went softly down the stairs, unlocked the door, and went to open the shutters.

At this moment his ear caught a murmur; a low buzzing of voices in the garden.

He naturally thought that Captain Dodd was exposing him to some of the townspeople; he was puzzled what to do; and, like a cautious man, as he was, remained passive, but on the watch.

Presently the voices were quiet, and he heard footsteps come very slowly toward the window at which he stood, and then make for the little gate. On this he slipped into the kitchen, which faced the street, and got to a window there, and listened. His only idea was to catch their intentions, if possible, and meet them accordingly. He dared not open the window; for above him on the pavement he saw a female figure half standing half crouching: but soon that figure rushed wildly out of his sight to meet the footsteps, and then he ventured to open the window, and, listening, heard cries of despair and a young heart-broken voice say her father was dead.

"Ah!—that is all right," muttered Hardie.

Still even this profound egotist was not yet so hardened but that he felt one chill of horror at himself for the thought; a passing chill.

He listened and listened; and by-and-by he heard the slow feet recommence their journey, amidst sobs and sighs; and those sorrowful feet, and the sobs and sighs of his causing, got fainter and fainter, retreated, and left him in quiet possession of the fourteen thousand pounds he had brought down to give it up: two minutes ago it was not worth as many pence to him.

He drew a long breath of relief. "It is mine; I am to keep it; it is the will of Heaven."

Poor Heaven!

He went to his bed again, and by a resolute effort composed himself, and determined to sleep. And in fact he was just dropping off, when suddenly he started wide awake again: for it recurred to him vividly that a window in his house had opened, while David was cursing him and demanding his children's money.

Whose window?

Half a dozen people and more slept on that side of the house.

Whose window could it be?

He walked among fires.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A little crowd of persons stood in front of the old Bank, looking half stupefied at the shutters, and at a piece of paper pasted on them announcing a suspension, only for a month or so, and laying the blame on certain correspondents not specified.

So great was the confidence inspired by the old Bank, that many said it would come round, it must come round, in a month: but other of Mr. Hardie's unfortunate clients recognized in the above a mere formula to let them down by degrees: they had seen many statements as hopeful end in a dividend of sixpence in the pound.

Before the day closed the scene at the Bank door was heart-rending: respectable persons, reduced to pauperism in that one day, kept arriving and telling their fellow-sufferers their little all was with Hardie, and nothing before them but the work-house or the alms-house: ruined mothers came and held up their ruined children for the Banker to see; and the doors were hammered at, and the house as well as the Bank was beleaguered by a weeping, wailing, despairing crowd.

But, like an idle wave beating on a rock, all this human misery dashed itself in vain against the Banker's brick walls and shutters, hard to them as his very heart.

The next day they mobbed Alfred and hissed him at the backdoor. Jane was too ashamed and too frightened to stir out. Mr. Hardie sat calmly putting the finishing strokes to his fabricated balance-sheet.

Some innocent and excited victims went to the mayor for redress; to the aldermen, the magistrates; in vain.

Toward afternoon the Banker's cool contempt for his benefactors, whose lives he had darkened, received a temporary check; a heavy stone was flung at the Bank shutters: this ferocious blow made him start, and the place rattle: it was the signal for a shower; and presently tink, tink, went the windows of the house, and in came the stones starring the mirrors, upsetting the chairs, denting the papered walls, chipping the mantlepieces, shivering the bell-glasses and statuettes, and strewing the room with dirty pebbles, and painted fragments and glittering ruin.

Hardie winced: this was the sort of appeal to touch him. But soon he recovered his sang froid: "Thank you," said he, "I'm much obliged to you; now I'm in the right and you are in the wrong." And he put himself under protection of the police; and fee'd them so royally that they were zealous on his behalf, and rough and dictatorial even with those who thronged the place only to moan and lament and hold up their ruined children: "You *must* move on, you Misery," said the Police. And they were right; Misery gains nothing by stopping the way; nothing by bemoaning itself.

But if the Banker, naturally egotistical, and now entirely wrapped in his own plans, and fears, and well-earned torments, was deaf to the anguish of his clients, there were others in his house who felt it keenly and deeply. Alfred and Jane were heart-broken: they sat hand in hand in a little room, drawn closer by misfortune; and heard the groans at their door; and the tears of pity ran down their own cheeks hot with shame; and Alfred wrote on the fly-leaf of his "Ethics" a vow to pay every shilling his father owed these poor people—before he died. It was like him, and like his happy age; at which the just and the generous can command, in imagination, the means to do kindred deeds.

Soon he found, to his horror, that he had seen but a small per-centage of the distress his father had caused; the greater griefs, as usual, staid at home: behind the gadding woes lay a terrible number of silent, decent, ruined homes, and broken hearts, and mixed sorrows so unmerited, so complicated, so piteous, and so cruel, that he was ready to tear his hair to know them and not be able to relieve them instantly.

Of that mere sample I give a mere sample: divine the bulk then; and revolve a page of human history often turned by the people, but too little studied by statisticians and legislators.

Mr. Esgar, a respectable merchant, had heavy engagements, to meet which his money lay at the old Bank. Living at a distance he did not hear the news till near dinner-time: and he had promised to take his daughters to a ball that night. He did so; left them there; went home, packed up their clothes and valuables, and next day levanted with them to America, taking all the money he could scrape together in London: and so he passed his ruin on to others. Esgar was one of those who wear their honesty long; but loose: it was his first disloyal act in business: "Dishonesty made me dishonest," was his excuse. Valeat quantum.

John Shaw, a steady footman, had saved and saved, from twenty-one years old to thirty-eight, for "Footman's Paradise," a public house. He was now engaged to a comely barmaid, who sympathized with him therein, and he had just concluded a bargain for the "Rose and Crown" in the suburbs. Unluckily—for him—the money had not been paid over. The blow fell: he lost his all; not his money only, but his wasted life. He could not be 21 again; so he hanged himself within forty-eight hours, and was buried by the parish grumbling a little, pitying none.

---

* Or exchange of commodities without the aid of money; see Homer, and Welsh Villages, passim.

James and Peter Gilpin, William Scott, and Joel Paton, were poor fishermen, and Anglo-Saxon heroes; that's heroes with an eye to the main chance; they risked their lives at sea to save a ship and get salvage; failing there they risked their lives all the same, like fine fellows as they were, to save the crew. They succeeded, but ruined their old boat. A subscription was raised, and prospered so, that a boat-builder built them a new one on tick, price eighty-five pounds; and the publicans said "Drink, boys, drink; the subscription will cover all: it is up to 120 already." The subscription money was swallowed with the rest, and the Anglo-Saxon heroes hauled to prison.

Doctor Phillips, aged 74, warned by growing infirmities, had sold a tidy practice, with house, furniture, and good-will, for a fair price; and put it in the bank, awaiting some investment. The money was gone now, and the poor old doctor, with a wife and daughter and a crutch, was at once a pauper and an exile: for he had sold under the usual condition, not to practice within so many miles of his successor. He went to that successor, and begged permission to be his assistant at a small, small, salary. "I want a younger man," was the reply. Then he went round to his old patients, and begged a few half guineas to get him a horse and chaise and keep him over the first month in his new place. They pitied him, but most of them were sufferers too by Hardie, and all they gave him did but buy a donkey and cart; and with that he and his went slowly and sadly to a village ten miles distant from the place where all his life had been spent in comfort and good credit. The poor old gentleman often looked back from his cart at the church spires of Barkington.

From seventeen till now almost fourscore,
There lived he, but now lived there no more.
At seventeen many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too old a week.

Arrived at his village he had to sell his donkey, and trust to his crutch. And so Infirmity crept about begging leave to cure Disease—with what success may be inferred from this: Miss Phillips, a lady-like girl of eighteen, was taken up by Farmer Giles before Squire Langton, for stealing turnips out of a field: the farmer was hard, and his losses in Hardie's bank had made him bitter hard, so the poor girl's excuse, that she could not let her father starve, had no effect on him: to jail she should go.*

Took to the national vice, and went to the national dogs, Thomas Fisher, a saving tinman, and a bachelor: so I expect no pity for him.

To the same goal, by the same road, dragging their families, went the Rev. Henry Scudamore, a curate; Philip Hall, a linen-draper; Neil Pratt, a shoemaker; Simon Harris, a greengrocer; and a few more; but the above were all prudent, laborious men, who took a friendly glass, but seldom exceeded, until Hardie's bankruptcy drove them to the devil of drink for comfort.

Turned professional thief, Joseph Locke, working locksmith, who had just saved money enough to buy a shop, and good-will; and now lost it every penny.

Turned Atheist, and burned the family Bible before his weeping wife and terrified children and gaping servant girl, Mr. Williams, a Sunday-school teacher, known hitherto only as a mild respectable man, a teetotaler, and a good parent and husband. He did not take to drinking; but he did to cursing; and forbade his own flesh and blood ever to enter a church again. This man became an outcast, shunned by all.

Three elderly sisters, the Misses Lunley, well born and bred, lived together on their funds which, small singly, united made a decent competence. Two of them had refused marriage in early life for fear the third should fall into less tender hands than theirs. For Miss Blanche Lunley was a cripple: disorder of the spine had robbed her, in youth's very bloom, of the power not only to dance, as you girls do, but to walk or even stand upright; leaving her two active little hands, and a heart as nearly angelic as we are likely to see here on earth.

She lay all day long, on a little iron bedstead, at the window of their back parlor that looked on a sunny little lawn; working eagerly for the poor; teaching the poor, young and old, to read, chiefly those of her own sex; hearing the sorrows of the poor, composing the quarrels of the poor, relieving their genuine necessities with a little money, and much ingenuity, and labor.

Some poor woman, in a moment of inspiration, called Miss Blanche "the sunshine of the poor." The word was instantly caught up in the parish, and had now this many years gently displaced "Lunley," and settled on her here below, and its echo gone before her up to Heaven.

The poor "sunshine of the poor" was happy: Life was sweet to her. To know whether this is so, it is useless to inquire of the back-bone; or the limbs: look at the face! She lay at her window in the kindred sunshine, and in a world of sturdy, able, agile cursers, grumblers, and yawners, her face, pale as ashes, wore the eternal sunshine of a happy, holy, smile.

But there came one to her bedside and told her the Bank was broken, and all the money gone she and her sisters had lent Mr. Hardie.

The saint clasped her hands and said, "Oh my poor people! What will become of them?" And the tears ran down her pale and now sorrowful cheeks.

At this time she did not know the full extent of their losses.

But they had given Mr. Hardie a power of attorney to draw out all their consols. That remorseless man had abused the discretion this gave him, and beggared them—they were his personal friends too—to swell his secret hoard.

When "the sunshine of the poor" heard this, and knew that she was now the poorest of the poor, she clasped her hands and cried "Oh my poor sisters! my poor sisters!" and she could work no more for sighing.

The next morning found the sunshine of the poor extinct, in her little bed: ay, dead of grief with no grain of egotism in it; gone straight to Heaven without one angry word against Richard Hardie or any other.

Old Betty had a horror of the work-house. To save her old age from it she had deposited her wages in the Bank for the last twenty years; and also a little legacy from Mr. Hardie's father. She now went about the house of her master and debtor, declaring she was sure he would not rob *her*, and, if he did, she would never go into the poor-house. "I'll go out on the common, and die there. Nobody will miss *me*."

The next instance led to consequences upon consequences: and that is my excuse for telling it the reader somewhat more fully than Alfred heard it.

Mrs. Maxley, one night, found something rough at her feet in bed. "What on earth is this?" said she.

"Never you mind," said Maxley: "say it's my breeches; what then?"

"Why what on earth does the man put his breeches to bed for?"

"That is my business:" roared Maxley, and whispered dryly, "'tain't for you to wear 'em, howsever."

This little spar led to his telling her he had drawn out all their money: but, when she asked the reason, he snubbed her again, indirectly; recommended her sleep.

The fact is the small-clothes were full of bank-notes; and Maxley always followed them into bed now, for fear of robbers.

The Bank broke on a Tuesday: Maxley dug on impassive; and when curious people came about him to ask whether he was a loser, he used to inquire very gravely, and dwelling on every syllable, "Do—you—see—any—thing—green—in this here eye?"

Friday was club day; the clubsmen met at the "Greyhound" and talked over their losses. Maxley sat smoking complacently; and, when his turn came to groan, he said, dryly: "I draad all mine a week afore. (Exclamations.) I had a hinkling: my boy Jack he wrote to me from Canada as how Hardies was rotten out there: now these here Bankers they be like an oak-tree: they do go at the limbs first, and then at the heart."

The club was wroth; "What? you went and made yourself safe and never gave any of us a chance! Was that neighborly? was that—clubbable?"

To a hail-storm of similar reproaches Maxley made but one reply: "'Twarn't *my* business to take care o' *you*." He added, however, a little sulkily: "I was laad for slander once: scalded dog fears lue-warm water."

"Oh," said one, "I don't believe him. He puts a good face on it; but his nine hundred is gone along with ourn."

"'Tain't gone far, then." With this he put his hand in his pocket, and after some delay pulled out a nice new crisp note and held it up: "What is that? I ask the company."

"Looks like a ten-pun note, James."

"Well, the bulk 'grees with the sample; I knows where to find eight score and nine to match this here."

The note was handed round: and on inspection each countenance in turn wore a malicious smile; till at last Maxley, surrounded by grinning faces, felt uneasy.

"What be 'e all grinning at like a litter o' Chessy cats? warn't ye ugly enough without showing of your rotten teeth?"

"Haw! haw!"

"Better say 'tain't money at all, but only a wench's curl-paper:" and he got up and snatched it fiercely out of the last inspector's hand. "Ye can't run your rigs on me," said he.

"What an if I can't read words, I can figures; and I spelt the ten out on every one of them, afore I'd take it."

A loud and general laugh greeted this boast.

Then Maxley snatched up his hat in great wrath, and some anxiety, and went out, followed by a peal.

In five minutes he was at home; and tossed the note into his wife's lap. She was knitting by a farthing dip. "Dame!" said he, controlling all appearance of anxiety, "what d' ye call that?"

She took up the note and held it close to the candle: "Why, Jem, it is a ten-pound note, one of Hardie's—*as was*."

"Then what were those fools laughing at?" And he told her all that had happened.

Mrs. Maxley dropped her knitting and stood up trembling: "Why you told me you had got our money all safe out?"

"Well, and so I have, ye foolish woman," and he drew the whole packet out of his pocket and flung them fiercely on the table. Mrs. Maxley ran her finger and eye over them, and uttered a scream of anger and despair:

"These! these be all Hardie's notes," she cried; "and what vally be Hardie's notes when Hardie's be broke?"

Maxley staggered as if he had been shot.

The woman's eyes flashed fury at him: "This is your work, ye born idiot: 'mind your own business' says you: you *must* despise your wedded wife, that has more brains in her finger than you have in all your great long useless carcass: you *must* have your secrets: one day poison, another day beggary: you have ruined me, you have murdered me: get out of my sight! for if I find a knife I'll put it in you, I will." And in her ungovernable passion she actually ran to the dresser for a knife: at which Maxley caught up a chair and lifted it furiously above his head to fling at her.

Luckily the man had more self-command than the woman; he dashed the chair furiously on the floor and ran out of the house.

He wandered about half stupid: and presently his feet took him mechanically round to his garden. He pottered about among his plants, looking at them, inspecting them closely, and scarce seeing them. However he covered up one or two, and muttered, "I think there will be a frost to-night: I think there will be a frost." Then his legs seemed to give way. He sat down and thought of his wedding-day: he began to talk to himself out loud, as some people do in trouble: "Bless her comely face," said he, "and to think I had my arm lifted to strike her, after wearing her so long, and finding her good stuff upon the whole. Well, thank my stars I didn't. We must make the best on't: money's gone; but here's the garden and our hands still: and 'tain't as if we were single to gnaw our hearts alone: wedded life cuts grief a two. Let's make it up: and begin again. Sixty, come Martinmas: and Susan forty-eight: and I be amost weary of turning moulds."

He went round to his front door.

There was a crowd round it; a buzzing crowd with all their faces turned toward his door.

He came at their backs and asked peevishly what was to do now. Some of the women shrieked at his voice. The crowd turned about; and a score of faces peered at him: some filled with curiosity, some with pity.

"Lord help us!" said the poor man, "is there any more trouble a foot to-day? Stand aside, please; and let me know."

"No! no!" cried a woman, "don't let him."

"Not let me go into my own house, young woman?" said Maxley, with dignity: "be these your manners?"

"Oh, James: I meant you no ill. Poor man!"

"Poor soul!" said another.

"Stand aloof!" said a strange man. "Who has as good a right to be there as he have?"

A lane was made directly, and Maxley rushed down between two rows of peering faces, with his knees knocking together, and burst into his own house. A scream from the women inside, as he entered, and a deep groan from the strong man bereaved of his mate, told the tragedy. Poor Susan Maxley was gone.

She had died of Breast-pang, within a minute of his leaving her; and the last words of two faithful spouses were words of anger.

All these things, and many more less tragic, but very deplorable, came to Alfred Hardie's knowledge, and galled and afflicted him deeply. And several of these revelations heaped discredit high upon Richard Hardie, till the young man, born with a keen sense of justice, and bred among honorable minds, began to shudder at his own Father.

Herein he was alone: Jane, with the affectionate blindness of her sex, could throw her arms round her father's neck, and pity him for his losses—by his own dishonesty—and pity him most when some victim of his unprincipled conduct died, or despaired. "Poor Papa will feel this so deeply," was her only comment on such occasions.

Alfred was not sorry she could take this view; and left her unmolested to confound black with white, and wrong with right, at affection's dictates: but his own trained understanding was not to be duped in matters of plain morality. And so, unable to cure the wrongs he deplored, unable to put his conscience into his pocket, like Richard Hardie, or into his heart like Jane, he wandered alone, or sat brooding and dejected: and the attentive reader, if I am so fortunate as to possess one, will not be surprised to learn that he was troubled too with dark mysterious surmises he half dreaded, yet felt it his duty, to fathom. These and Mrs. Dodd's loss by the Bank combined to keep him out of Albion Villa. He often called to ask after Captain Dodd, but was ashamed to enter the house.

Now Richard Hardie's anxiety to know whether David was to die or live had not declined, but rather increased. If the latter, he was now resolved to fly to the United States with his booty, and cheat his alienated son along with the rest: he had come by degrees down to this. It was on Alfred he had counted to keep him informed of David's state: but, on his putting a smooth inquiry, the young man's face flushed with shame, or anger, or something, and he gave a very short, sharp, and obscure reply. In reality he did not know much, nor did Sarah, his informant: for of late the servants had never been allowed to enter David's room.

Mr. Hardie, after this rebuff, never asked Alfred again; but having heard Sampson's name mentioned as Dodd's medical attendant, wrote and asked him to come and dine, next time he should visit Barkington: "You will find me a fallen man," said he; "to-morrow we resign our house and premises and furniture to the assignees, and go to live at a little furnished cottage not very far from your friends the Dodds. It is called 'Shamrock Cottage.' There, where we have so little to offer besides a welcome, none but true friends will come near us; indeed there are very few I should venture to ask for such a proof of fidelity to your broken friend.

"R. H."

The good-hearted Sampson sent a cordial reply, and came to dinner at Shamrock Cottage.

Now all Hardie wanted of him in reality was to know about David; so when Jane had retired, and the decanter circulated, he began to pump him by his vanity. "I understand," said he, "you have wrought one of your surprising cures in this neighborhood. Albion Villa!"

Sampson shook his head sorrowfully: Mr. Hardie's eyes sparkled: Alfred watched him keenly and bitterly.

"How can I work a great cure after those ass-ass-ins Short and Osmond? Look, see! the man had been wounded in the hid, and lost blood; thin stabbed in the shoulder, and lost more blood."—Both the Hardies uttered an ejaculation of unfeigned surprise.—"So, instid of recruiting the buddy thus exhausted of the great liquid material of all repair, the profissional ass-ass-in came and exhausted him worse; stabbed him while he slept; stabbed him unconscious, stabbed him in a vein: and stole more blood from him. Wasn't that enough? No! the routine of profissional ass-ass-ination had but begun; nixt they stabbed him with cupping needles, and so stole more of his life-blood. And they were goen from their stabs to their bites, goen to leech his temporal arteries, and so hand him to the sixton."

"But you came in and saved him," cried Alfred.

"I saved his life," said Sampson, sorrowfully; "but life is not th' only good thing a man may be robbed of by those who steal his life-blood, and so impoverish, and water, the contints of the vessels of the brain."

"Doctor Sampson," said Alfred, "what do you mean by these mysterious words? you alarm me."

"What, don't you know? Haven't they told you?"

"No, I have not had the courage to enter the house since the Bank—" He stopped in confusion.

"Ay, I understand," said Sampson: "however, it can't be hidden now—

"HE IS A MANIAC."

Sampson made this awful announcement soberly and sorrowfully.

Alfred groaned aloud, and even his father experienced a momentary remorse; but so steady had been the progress of corruption, that he felt almost unmixed joy the next instant: and his keen-witted son surprised the latter sentiment in his face, and shuddered with disgust.

Sampson went on to say that he believed the poor man had gone flourishing a razor; and Mrs. Dodd had said, "Yes, kill me, David: kill the mother of your children," and never moved: which feminine, or, in other words, irrational, behavior, had somehow disarmed him. But it would not happen again: his sister had come; a sensible, resolute woman. She had signed the order, and Osmond and he the certificates, and he was gone to a private asylum. "Talking of that," said Sampson, rising suddenly, "I must go and give them a word of comfort; for they are just breaking their hearts at parting with him, poor things: I'll be back in an hour."

On his departure Jane returned and made the tea in the dining-room: they lived like that now.

Mr. Hardie took it from his favorite's little white hand, and smiled on her: he should not have to go to a foreign land after all: who would believe a madman if he should rave about his thousands? He sipped his tea luxuriously, and presently delivered himself thus, with bland self-satisfaction:

"My dear Alfred, some time ago you wished to marry a young lady without fortune; you thought that I had a large one: and you expected me to supply all deficiencies. You did not overrate my parental feeling; but you did my means: I would have done this for you, and with pleasure, but for my own coming misfortunes. As it was, I said 'No.' And when you demanded, somewhat peremptorily, my reasons, I said 'trust me.' Well, you see I was right: such a marriage would have been your utter ruin. However, I conclude, after what Dr. Sampson has told us, you have resigned it on other grounds. Jane, my dear, Captain Dodd, I am sorry to say, is afflicted. He has gone mad."

"Gone mad?! oh how shocking! What will become of his poor children?" She thought of Edward first.

"We have just heard it from Sampson. And I presume, Alfred, you are not so far gone as to insist on propagating insanity, by a marriage with his daughter."

At this conclusion, which struck her obliquely, though aimed at Alfred, Jane sighed gently; and her dream of earthly happiness seemed to melt away.

But Alfred ground his teeth, and replied with great bitterness and emotion: "I think, Sir, you are the last man who ought to congratulate yourself on the affliction that has fallen on that unhappy family I aspire to enter, all the more that now they have calamities for me to share—"

"More fool you," put in Mr. Hardie, calmly.

—"For I much fear you are one of the causes of that calamity."

Mr. Hardie assumed a puzzled air: "I don't see how that can be: do you, Jenny? Sampson told us the causes: a wound on the head, a wound in the arm, bleeding, cupping, etc."

"There may be other causes Dr. Sampson has not been told of—yet."

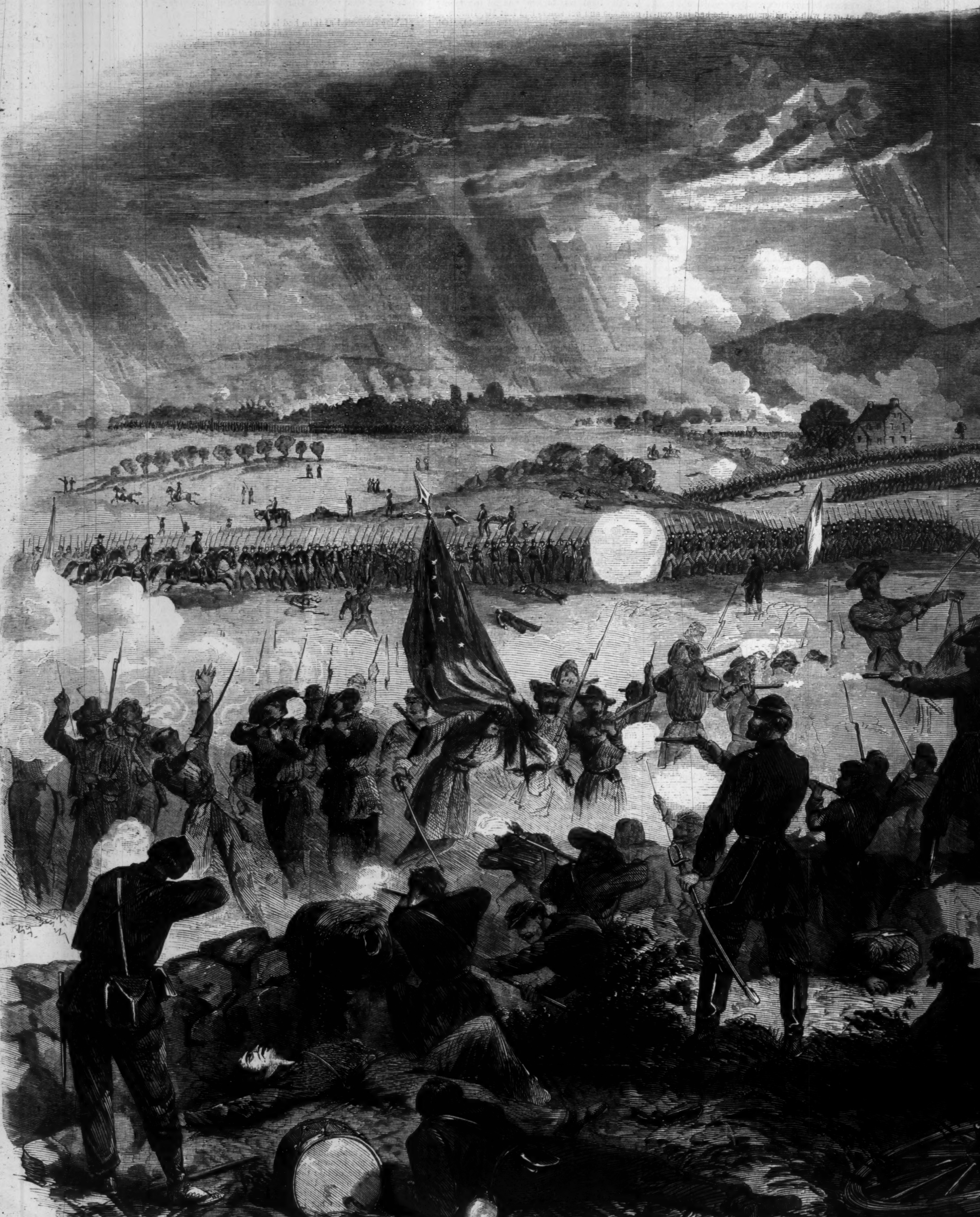
"Possibly. I really don't know what you allude to."

The son fixed his eyes on the father, and leaned across the table to him, till their faces nearly met.

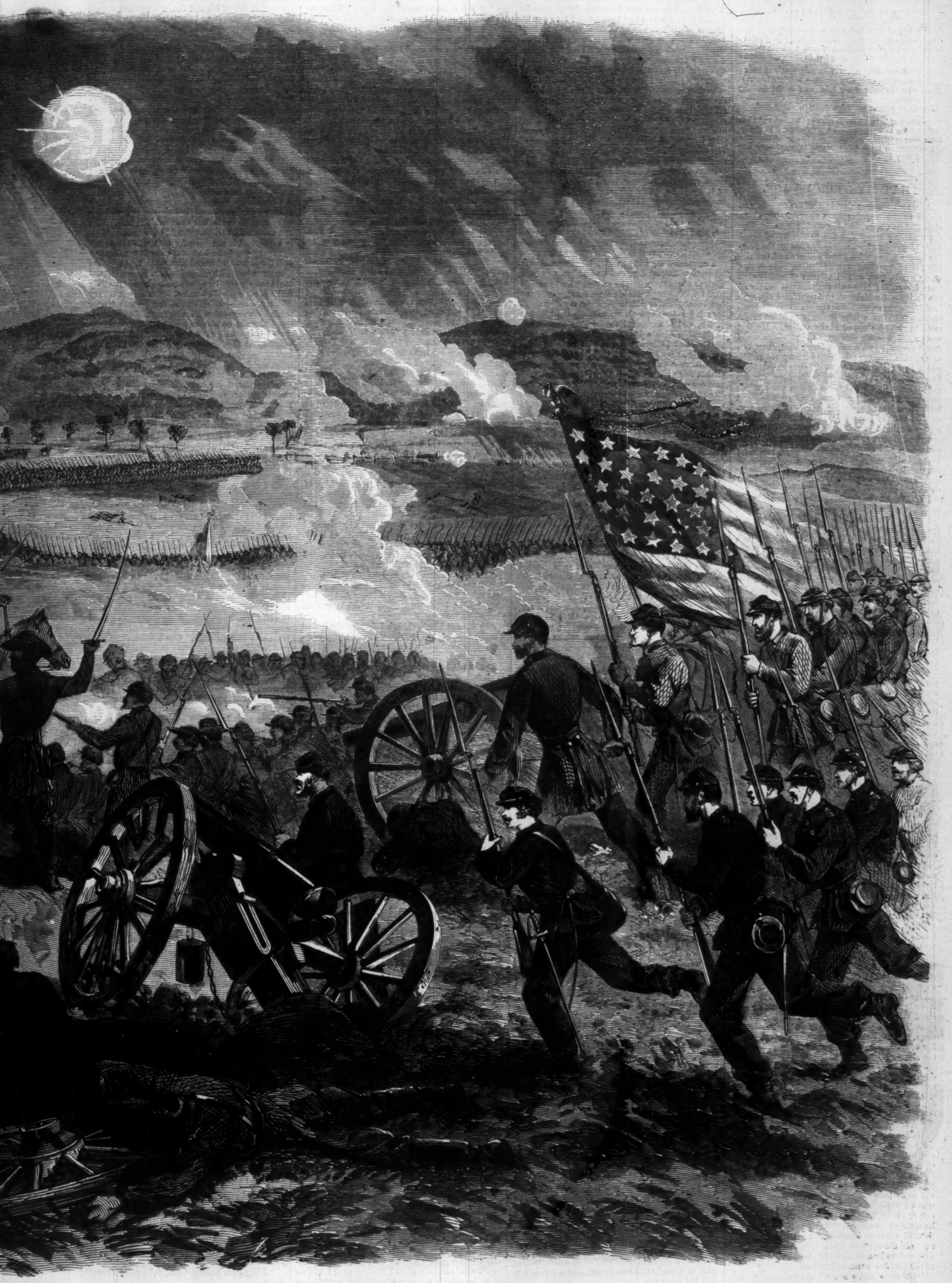
"THE FOURTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS, SIR."

---

* I find, however, that Squire Langton resolutely refused to commit Miss Phillips. The real reason I suspect was that he had a respect for the Gospel, and not much for the law, except those invaluable clauses which restrain poaching. The reason he *gave* was "Turnips be hanged! If she hadn't eaten them, the fly would." However, he found means to muzzle Giles, and sent the old doctor two couple of rabbits.



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—LONGSTREET'S ATTACK UPON OUR LEFT CENTRE—BLU



BLUE RIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.—From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 510.]

A LOCK OF HAIR.

ONLY a lock of hair, tied with a silken string,
Carefully kept for years, like a miser's pile of gold:
Little to prize in the keeping of such a simple thing,
But for a darling head long lost in the days of old.

Only a lock of hair. Ah, well, it were better to have
Even one little tress safe from the Spoiler's hand,
Than, with the light of her love down in the darkling grave,
Lonely to wander around a desolate, weary land.

Only a lock of hair. Yet something to look at, and kiss:
Something to keep in mind what never can be again:
Something to tell of days unshadowed by anguish like this:
Something to bring soft thoughts to a saddened and dreary brain.

THAT MYSTERIOUS JOE.

A WARM summer day in the cars. The air, cooled in the morning by a shower, sufficiently clear and free from dust to permit me to sit with open window and enjoy the panorama of broad fields of waving grain, slowly swayed by the passing breeze into golden green billows; of the rippling river sparkling over its shallow bed; of cool shady woods, dark and seductive; of stately elmtrees and rolling hills—all the tranquil beauty of the Valley of the Mohawk in August. I sat, with half dreamy eyes, watching the ever-varying landscape, until after a time the cars rumbled into a small town and stopped at the station. My seat was on the opposite side from the platform, and I gazed vacantly at a space of blank wall, until, after a minute, another train shot between me and it, and a new picture, more lovely than any thing I had yet seen, was substituted in its place. In the car window that stood beside mine, not six feet from me, sat a young girl with the fairest face and form I ever looked upon. A round straw-hat rested on a mass of wavy hair, that rolled away from a pure forehead in shining masses of pale gold, a complexion pure as an infant's, a sweet mouth, all amiability and gentleness, and, above all, large blue eyes, beautiful in tone of color and length of shading lash, but, above all, beautiful from the innocence and truth that looked out from their clear depths.

I could not turn my gaze from so much loveliness, but sat watching most intensely my sudden neighbor. Once she looked toward me, but abstractedly, as if she scarcely saw me; then, with an expression of deep thought, she raised a book she had in her hand, and I saw that upon it rested a sheet of note-paper, on which she began to write busily. This gave me an excellent opportunity of continuing to study her beautiful face without annoying her by my rudeness; and I sat learning literally by heart every faultless feature, until the ringing of the bell announced that the train was about to start. At this moment she looked up again; her eyes then for the first time met mine. Whether she read the admiration that my looks must have expressed, or from what cause I hardly know, but a faint blush crossed her face, and she half raised the paper on which she had been writing, with a vague, restless motion. At this instant it slipped from her fingers, a passing current of air caught it, whirled it away from her, tossed it up between the cars, and then, by strange perversity, blew it directly into my window. She watched it at first with a gasp and start of dismay and then with intense anxiety. I seized it as it passed by me, and just then the cars began to move apart. I made one furtive reach out of window, at the same moment that she on her part leaned out toward me. For one second we gazed earnestly at each other, and then, becoming at once conscious of the uselessness of our efforts and the absurdity of the situation, we both burst into smiles, at each instant of time receding farther apart, until, before half a minute had passed, she had sunk away out of sight, and I was whirled off on my swift course.

Then for the first time I drew a long breath, and awoke, as it were, from a trance. The whole thing had been so strange and passed so swiftly, that if it had not been for the paper I still held in my hand I might have thought it but a summer's day dream. But no, that exquisite face and form were tangible realities, for a few happy minutes they had been beside me; now they were gone, and what hope was there that I should ever gaze on so much beauty again? This reflection brought me back to the paper in my hand. That might give me some clew to the fair unknown that the cars had so ruthlessly torn from my gaze. There could surely be no harm in reading it; indeed it would have been difficult to avoid it, as it was an open sheet with a few lines of clear writing on the smooth white page. I might find her signature there, and thus at least know her name, possibly her address. Then I looked at the note, and only too clearly read its few hurried lines:

> "MY DARLING JOE,—Do come and see me as soon as I reach home. No one need know of it, and I am so very anxious to speak to you of this last affair. Oh, Joe, if you only knew how much I have thought of you since we parted; if you only knew how much I love you, and how much—"

"A love-letter!"

With a long sigh I uttered this ejaculation as the inevitable verdict after reading these words, and with the acknowledgment I felt a sharp pang of disappointment, at which I was ready to smile in another moment. What was it to me if this pretty girl, who I had only seen for five minutes, did write love-letters to the fortunate Joe? He was an uncommonly lucky fellow, that was all—and I? Why, foolish I must forget the fair face and lovely eyes as soon as possible. But at this last thought a certain contradiction suggested itself to me: she did not look like a woman to write clandestine love-letters, and yet there was a mystery at the first few words of this note.

"Do come and see me," she writes, "no one need know of it," as if the meeting between her and that disagreeably successful Joe were to be concealed from all but their two happy selves. Then further on she uses language almost appealing—"If you only knew how much I love you!" Was it possible to suppose that any one who had been so fortunate as to win the love of that woman would ever do any thing that could render that tender reproach necessary? It was very odd; there was certainly something hidden behind this incomprehensible letter; and so I fell off into all sorts of useless speculations, constantly coming back to the strange contrast between that innocent, truthful look that carried a conviction of purity in its earnestness, and the language of this half note, hinting at concealment and a desperate passion utterly irreconcilable with that youthful innocence. The scenery the rest of that day was all lost upon me; again and again I went over every incident of that odd encounter, and I read the scrap of a letter so many times that at last I knew every word of it by heart. The paper was delicate and a vague perfume exhaled from its folds; the writing was graceful, lady-like, refined; one only hint was contained in it of her possible residence, and that was that she spoke of going home, and the cars she was on board went to New York. I folded the paper at last, and put it in my card-case with a sigh.

I completed the trip on which I had started that memorable August day, and at last came to New York to settle there for the winter. I was at this time twenty-five years old; since leaving college I had been abroad or wandering about my own country; it was time now for me to begin the business of life, and I succeeded in forming an eligible partnership with a lawyer who had been a long time settled in New York, and so went to work earnestly at my profession. Still, even amidst my hardest labor, every now and then the remembrance of that fair vision, seen so hurriedly on that midsummer day, would cross my mind; and when at any place of public amusement I saw a face that seemed unusually lovely, I would mentally compare it with that exquisite one set in my memory, and condemn it as far below that ideal beauty. I had a constant impression that I should some day see it again, and more than once my heart beat as I caught sight of some vague resemblance in a passing figure that vanished into total dissimilarity on a closer inspection; yet fate at last realized my presentiments.

I was walking up Fifth Avenue one bright Sunday afternoon; the crowd of gay promenaders was very great; it was difficult to make any progress through the waves of crinoline, and at every step bright eyes and rosy cheeks challenged admiration. I was moving slowly, enjoying the fine air and the brilliancy of the scene, when, on a sudden coming upon a crowd of people more dense than usual, I stepped aside to allow two fine-looking old ladies to pass, and immediately behind them, behold, was the lady of my dreams! I had a vague impression that she was exquisitely dressed, and that a tall, fine-looking man was with her. All I saw was that sweet face, those beautiful eyes. I believe I stopped short in my walk, and so, just as she was close beside me, our eyes met; she knew me at once; she started, blushed, and almost seemed about to speak; then the throng swept her on, and we were parted again. I looked back once, but saw only the head of her handsome companion.

"Joe, of course!"

I grumbled to myself, and in vexation I started off at a rate that knocked half a dozen people out of their places before the end of the first square, discovering which I plunged desperately down a side street, and then being struck with the sudden inspiration of meeting her again, I dashed off down Madison Avenue at a furious pace, coming into Fifth Avenue again half a dozen blocks below and walking slowly up, feeling sure by this manœuvre I must certainly encounter her. But no, she was utterly gone, and after I had promenaded till dark I went home vexed and tired.

For four Sundays after that I perambulated Fifth Avenue to a degree that was utterly absurd. From twelve o'clock until five I was either marching restlessly up and down, or sitting in my club window watching the passers with such intensity that several of my friends guessed my secret, and accosted me with little remarks, like—

"I say, Hastings, who are you so spooney about?" or,

"Let us know when you see her, and give us the benefit of a look!"

But all my vigilance was in vain; and besides, I had a clear consciousness that I was behaving like a fool, since what use was there in my seeing her again when she cared only for that mysterious Joe?

One day I was coming up Broadway with my friend Chester, when out from the crowd of passers came once again the beautiful blonde. This time she was with a lady; and, to my intense surprise, as we passed Chester bowed low; of course I touched my hat, met again those pure eyes, a half smile and blush, and felt as if I had suddenly sailed up to heaven in a balloon, and then been dropped again into Broadway. As soon as I could recover I demanded,

"Who were those ladies?"

"Miss Murray and Miss Lennox."

"Which was Miss Lennox?"

"The inside one—the blonde?"

"Do you know her?"

"Of course I do. Why you have heard me speak of her surely; once I offered to introduce you to her, but you declined."

I remembered it, idiot that I was! I had said I did not care to know any more people—I knew enough young ladies already—or some profanity of that sort. So think how I had avoided what I most wished!

"I accept now," I said; "if you will take me then I shall be forever your debtor, Chester."

"You are very enthusiastic," replied Chester, and something in his tone started up a disagreeable train of thought. I recollected, like a revelation, that his name was Joe.

"Oh, you object!" I cried. "I know the reason; you are engaged to her."

Chester stopped short in his walk and gazed at me. "You must be crazy, Hastings! What under heaven put that in your head?"

"I know it," I answered. "Never mind how; only I'm sure you are."

"I tell you I am not," replied Chester, almost angrily. "She is a distant cousin of mine; I am rather intimate at the house on that account—that's all."

The mystery was no nearer solution than ever, then; he was not engaged; but the language of that note was not the language of a happy engagement—it was rather that of a clandestine love affair; yet, somehow, that idea was so hard to associate with Miss Lennox, that when, three or four evenings after, I stood with Chester on the steps of her father's handsome house on Fifth Avenue, I felt as excited over the prospect of the introduction as if no shadow of suspicion had ever crossed my mind.

This interview had been arranged beforehand. We were expected, and found in the parlor not only Miss Lennox, but also Miss Murray, whom Chester had told me was a cousin of Miss Lennox's, and would probably be there. Both young ladies received me graciously; and I now for the first time noticed that Miss Murray was a handsome, sparkling brunette, with crisp, waving dark hair, saucy eyes, and a manner all coquetry and mischief. Chester seated himself near her, and I was permitted to draw my chair beside Miss Lennox. If I had thought her lovely in the passing glimpses I had previously had of that fair face, how much more beautiful was she now when, seeing her without her hat, I could note the graceful poise of her head, the flow of her splendid hair, the rare proportions of her faultless figure. The moment we were seated, and Chester and Miss Murray had plunged into a jovial chat that left us quite alone, a mutual embarrassment seemed to seize us. I could think of no form of words in which to begin a conversation, and she appeared equally confused. At last I plunged desperately *in medias res.*

"Miss Lennox, have you forgotten that warm day last August when I first saw you?"

"By no means," she replied, frankly. "I knew you at once."

"And you remember that I have something of yours."

"That letter!" she cried, with a start. "Did you keep it?"

"Yes, I have carried it with me ever since," I replied, drawing out my pocket-book. "I hoped from it to find some clew to the writer."

I took the paper from the envelope in which I had deposited it, and held it toward her.

"It is of no value," she said, as she took it.

"But I think it right to tell you that I have read it. I could hardly help it in my first glance; and, besides, I hoped so much it might contain your name."

She did not blush, though I fancied she looked a little annoyed, as she said, "It was to my cousin; perhaps some day I can explain to you why it was written."

It was to Chester, then; and she felt it required explanation. Yet there could be but one solution of such a note; and with a sigh I tried to believe I did not care if Chester was the happy Joe.

In the moment of silence occupied by these thoughts Miss Lennox tore up the fatal paper and tossed the portions into the fire. Then she said, musingly,

"How strange it was that my note should have flown directly to your hand!"

"Yes," I answered. "I had been watching you for several minutes without your knowledge, and I hope you will pardon any indiscretion in reading it. I could not resist the temptation."

"Oh! it was no matter," she replied, carelessly. "You must have thought it rather odd, though," she added.

"I did, rather."

"Well, some day, perhaps, I can explain it all."

"I hope so, although I am aware I have no right to be curious."

"You shall be gratified," she said—"that is, if I can get Joe's consent."

At this moment a loud burst of laughter from the other two young people startled us, and Miss Lennox, looking up, cried out,

"Joe! Josey! do be careful!"

They both looked around. Chester kissed his hand toward Miss Lennox, crying, gayly,

"Thank you, coz;" and they went on with their talk in a lower tone.

"Do you know, I feel as if we had known each other ever since last August," I said.

"So do I," she replied. "I have often thought curiously of that meeting since, and wondered if I should ever see you again."

"Fate has willed it," I replied. "And now I am going to ask you to tell me your first name; I never have heard it."

"Ethel."

"How pretty! and it suits you exactly."

"I'm glad you like it; what is yours?"

"Ned."

And so we went on with that sort of talk with which young people while away so many hours. Very interesting to themselves, but utterly stupid to every one else. Chester never left Miss Murray's side, so that I had opportunity for a long conversation with Miss Lennox, and when we parted I fear that I was already well acquainted with her; still I could not but envy Chester's better position as he shook hands warmly with the cousins.

"Good-night, Ethel; good-night, Josey."

After this I met these two young ladies constantly at the opera, at the houses of mutual friends, in the street; they were very much together, and Chester and I, either by previous arrangement or by accident, were frequently with them. Generally Chester gave up to me the place at Miss Lennox's side, but very often I, feeling as if I had no right constantly to usurp his position, would leave her to his charge and devote myself to Miss Murray. In this way I learned to know this young lady very well. She was an exceedingly attractive person, full of life and fun, but careless, almost reckless, in manner and habit, so that there is no telling what scrapes she would not have plunged into, had not her cousin Ethel kept such watch over her. And this was really beautiful to see; on that young face there was almost a mother's anxiety whenever the dashing brunette was on the point of committing some harmless but imprudent act. Miss Murray was perpetually laughing too loud, or dressing in some *outrée* style, or offering to smoke cigars, or using slang expressions, or doing something that kept her mentor nervous; then as to gloves, and parasols, and such small articles, Miss Lennox was perpetually lending her cousin her own, and having them lost or broken—all which minor trials she bore with the utmost amiability. Indeed her conduct in this regard greatly endeared her to me, and, I may as well confess it first as last, I was before long hopelessly in love.

I don't think I struggled very much against this growing passion; certainly I never tried to keep away from its cause, but went on daily being more and more with her, and should have been perfectly happy had it not been for that mysterious letter, every word of which was clear in my memory as if the paper still rested on my heart. I watched Chester when with Miss Lennox intensely, and could not see that he acted much like a lover. He was a good deal with her, and his manner was very friendly, almost affectionate, but he was if any thing more devoted to Miss Murray. I even sometimes thought he was in love with her, and concluded if it could have been that that note was written in a fit of jealousy by Ethel. Yet no; one look at her pure eyes seemed to make that impossible, and I might even have hoped that she cared somewhat for me if it had not been for the thoughts suggested by that letter. She was always very glad to see me, and listened to the half lover-like language I often addressed to her with blushes that would have made me supremely happy but for those vague suspicions. Once or twice I saw little indications that, just when I had almost forgotten my doubts, revived them in all their force. I caught glimpses occasionally of Chester walking, toward dusk, with some one I was sure was Miss Lennox, which made me half wild with jealousy, until I discovered that here, perhaps, I was mistaken.

One evening toward spring, when the days grew long, I was riding at twilight in the Central Park with a friend. Just as we passed the Ramble I had a brief view of two figures: one I was sure was Chester, the other I was almost equally certain was Miss Lennox; although she was closely veiled, I felt that I could scarcely be mistaken in the outlines of the figures, and even the very pattern of the cloak. I set my teeth and fell into gloomy silence, from which my friend Craig, who had taken me out to try his new horses, endeavored in vain to rouse me, until, as we were coming round a turn to go home, we met a buggy dashing out of town at a furious pace. One glance showed me that one of its occupants was Chester: the lady with him was still veiled and draped as I had just seen her, but as they rapidly whirled by a passing breeze caught the thick veil and blew it half off her face. It was but for a second, but in that brief space I saw that it was not Miss Lennox but Miss Murray.

Craig must have been astonished at my sudden volubility. I plunged into all sorts of joyous talk and was entirely happy, for I believed now that Miss Murray had always been Chester's companion. There was very much similarity of height and figure between the two young lady cousins, and I might easily have been deceived. For a week I was almost perfectly happy. I was very much with Ethel, and at our every meeting I had more reason to believe that she was not indifferent to me. She seemed so glad to be with me, her manner was so pleasantly confidential on many points, her blushes came so readily at my earnest words, that I was ready at the first good opportunity to propose to her myself, and thus solve all tormenting doubts. Several times the remembrance of that letter troubled me, it is true, but I was not yet by any means sure who that mysterious Joe was. It might not be Chester. It might be an episode of the past already forgotten. At any rate my proposition would assure me as to whether she now loved me or not, and set all my anxieties at rest.

In this delightful state, only waiting for a suitable *tête-à-tête* to urge my suit with Miss Lennox, I went one evening to what Chester called his studio. He was a fellow of independent fortune, aspired to be a bit of an artist, affected great knowledge of pictures, and had a room in Broadway fitted up with handsome furniture, an odd collection of books, pictures, and curiosities, and a goodly array of bottles and pipes. His family lived on Staten Island, and he found it very convenient to have this place, where he could sleep whenever he cared to stay in town. An alcove at one end contained a small bed that could be shut off by heavy curtains, so that he was very comfortable there when he chose to remain. As I have said, one day after my dinner I lounged down to Chester's studio, thinking I would go in and smoke with him a while, until it was time to dress for a party at which I hoped to meet Miss Lennox.

I came up the stairs whistling gayly, and knocked at his door. There was no response. I knocked again. Still no answer. Thinking he might be in, and asleep, or out, and I would wait for him, I tried the door. It yielded slowly, and I stepped forward. A screen before the entrance partially concealed the room; but I heard with perfect distinctness the rustle of a woman's dress, and caught sight, as I passed the barrier, of the flow of a dark robe, that instantly disappeared behind the curtains of the alcove. I paused, horrified at my own awkwardness.

"I beg your pardon, Chester," I cried, stopping short.

My friend was dreadfully confused.

"Ah, Hastings," he stammered, "I did not expect you."

"It seems not," I laughed, "and I will take myself off at once."

I was just turning to go, when my eyes caught an object that riveted my gaze. The room was not very large, and on the floor by the sofa, not far from me, lay a handkerchief. A little square of white, embroidered with scarlet, a pattern running around the edge, and, just where I could not help seeing it, a name worked in letters that seemed to start out like flames.

"Ethel!"

I must have turned very pale, but Chester was too anxious to notice it.

"Of course I can't ask you to stay now, Hastings," he said, "but come back in the course of an hour."

I muttered something incoherent, and got away, I scarcely know how, out of the room and out of the building, into the cold air outside, that still seemed to stifle me. "Ethel is false, then; Ethel is false!" This one thought took possession of me to the exclusion of every other. The street was thronged, but I scarcely knew it, as I rushed on with long strides, finding a half relief in the violent exertion, yet all the while choked and suffocated with my sorrow and indignation. That bright being I had thought so pure was capable of this monstrous deception! She was carrying on a secret, indeed, a disgraceful love affair with Chester, while all the time to me she appeared all innocence and truth. The reflections were maddening, and I held on my impetuous way till I had passed the city, and was alone with my sorrow in the silent park. There I wandered for hours, unconscious of every thing but my acute misery. I had never known how desperately I loved until now. I was twenty-five years old, and up to this winter had never felt for any woman more than a passing fancy. Now I loved intensely, wholly, desperately, and she whom I so loved was false. She had given her heart and even risked her fair fame for this man, whom I yet could not believe loved her; passing me by—I who would have devoted my whole life to her, I who loved with such pure and true affection.

It was a fearful night that first one after this terrible discovery; but the days that followed were not much better. I had found out, it is true, that Ethel had deceived me; I had identified that mysterious Joe beyond all possible doubt. I believed her to be unworthy my regard, yet I could not forget the beautiful girl whom I still with shame acknowledged I so loved. Of course I would not see her. I not only did not go to the house, but I avoided all places where I thought there was a chance of meeting her, and I kept out of Chester's way. I could not bear to see him—to look upon the smiling face of that happy man, and know that he had succeeded where I had so miserably failed. Two weeks passed thus. I heard once or twice in that time that Chester had asked for me at the office, but I had happened accidentally to be away, to my own considerable satisfaction. I worked early and late, endeavoring to drown all thought in study; but I was still very wretched. Coming up town one afternoon I finally met Chester; there was no avoiding him now, for he seized upon me at once.

"Helloa, Hastings! I'm so glad to see you! Where have you kept yourself this age?"

"I've been busy," I replied, feeling my heart contract as I looked at that handsome smiling face.

"Busy! but is that any reason why you should forget your friends? I'll tell you what it is, old fellow, I've been downright hurt at your negligence!"

"Forgive me, Chester, but I—"

As I paused abruptly, a sudden thought seemed to strike him as to our last meeting in his house.

"Have you staid away because of that unlucky discovery of yours, Ned?" he asked, with a faint blush.

"Not exactly; it was no business of mine—" I began.

"But if you knew"—he burst out impetuously—"if you knew how perfectly innocent that was—"

"My dear Chester, make no apologies. I do not set myself up for a censor."

"No, but really now;" and Chester blushed prodigiously as he proceeded. "That young lady had never been in my room before alone—she came in then only for fun, and you frightened her so that I promise you she will never come again."

"I believe all that," I replied readily enough. "I know I ought to have been to hunt you up before this, but I really have been very busy."

"And you have never been at the Lennox's either," he went on. "Ethel has asked me several times where you were."

"She is very kind," I faltered.

"Go there to-night won't you? with me."

"No, no, I can't!" I replied, quickly.

"Why not?"

"I have some writing I must do."

"Well, as you please; but don't make a mope of yourself, and come in to see me soon or there'll be a quarrel between us."

And so Chester turned away whistling merrily, and I went home tired, sad, and forlorn. It was very hard that he should be so happy, and I so utterly disappointed.

For two or three weeks more I did not see Miss Lennox; then one night I went to the theatre with a friend from the country, and behold, just after we had taken our seats, I discovered Ethel with a party in a private box close beside us. There was no avoiding her; she sat in front with her mother, while behind them were Chester and Miss Murray. The two latter were in high spirits, laughing and chatting, but Ethel looked pale and sad. No wonder, I thought; there was the man she loved, for whom she had risked so much, devoting himself as usual to her cousin, while she was neglected. My blood boiled with indignation; for as I looked at those sweet eyes, that innocent face, I could not cherish any resentment, I only felt a wild longing to draw her to my heart and assure her that there was rest. The play was almost lost upon me, I sat watching so intently for her first glance of recognition. It came at last—her eyes met mine, and with a startled look her lips parted as if to utter a cry, then with a sudden deadly pallor she acknowledged my bow. After that I saw that every now and then she turned her eyes on me, and there was a reproachful mournfulness in her look that cut me to the heart, unjust as I felt it to be. She sat alone all the evening. Chester and Miss Murray scarcely spoke to her at all, they seemed wholly absorbed in each other, and behaved, beyond a doubt, like two evident and foolish lovers. What must she have endured, I thought; and I pitied her with all my heart.

The long evening was over at last, and I hurried away with my friend to avoid encountering again that sad sweet face, going home and tossing all night on a restless couch, only falling asleep at last to be still haunted by those reproachful eyes. I was roused from these uneasy slumbers by a loud pounding at my door. Stumbling up, I opened it, and in flew Chester, wild with excitement.

"Congratulate me, old boy, congratulate me. I am the happiest man in the world!"

"Congratulate you for what?" I asked, staring at him drowsily from the bed, in which I had again taken refuge.

"We are engaged at last."

"Oh, are you?" I said, gloomily.

"Yes. Why, you don't look a bit pleased, man. What's the matter?"

"I—I—I'm sure I'm very glad for your sake," I stammered.

"Well, then, why do you sit there and stare at me like a death's-head? You look more like a man who has just lost his last friend than one who has had news of a wedding."

"But it's so sudden."

"Sudden! Lord bless you! why, no, it isn't. I've been trying to get her almost ever since I can remember, and had no end of trouble about it. At one time I was forbidden the house, and her parents would not listen to it for ever so long, because we were own cousins."

"What?" I shrieked, in sudden amaze, half starting out of bed.

"Why, how stupid you are!" cried Chester. "Here you've been with me all winter, and never seem to have seen that I was desperately in love with her, nor to have known that she was my first cousin."

"Who?" I gasped.

"Why, Josephine Murray, to be sure."

"Then you are engaged to *her*?" I cried.

"Of course, who else should I be engaged to?" asked Chester, all astonishment. "I thought you'd see it last night, but I rushed over to tell you first, because ever since that night in the studio she—"

My eyes were starting, my mouth was open; I felt myself growing pale with intense excitement.

"Who?" I demanded fiercely.

"Who? Why, man alive, I believe you've gone clean mad. Who should it be but Josephine Murray?"

I made one bound out of bed, and seized Chester by the shoulder.

"It was Josephine Murray who was there. It was Josephine Murray whom you have always loved, and who has loved you? Oh, say it again, Chester, I'm afraid I hardly understand you."

"Gracious powers," cried Chester, staring at me, "I believe you are distracted. Why, who in the name of all that's sensible did you suppose I had there?"

"Ethel Lennox's handkerchief lay on the floor," I said, slowly.

"So it did, by Jove! I remember," replied Chester. "Josey is so careless, she brought one of her cousin's with her, and I remember picking it up after you were gone. Ah, Hastings, I've guessed your secret now!"

"You're welcome to it, old fellow!" I cried, all radiant with this blessed relief, and the new hope that was brightening my heart. "Oh you lucky dog! so you've carried off one cousin; may I have equal success with the other!"

And under the influence of strong excitement I began to execute a wild dance around the room, till arrested by Chester's roars of laughter and the reflection that my costume was not exactly adapted to such Terpsichorean performances.

Two hours later I was clothed and in my right mind, standing with beating heart at Miss Lennox's door. Ethel was at home, and in a few moments came into the parlor where I waited, pale with agitation, and, might I hope, with pleasure at seeing me? I had all sorts of fine speeches prepared to utter, but the first look at those blue eyes put them out of my head, and I plunged at once into an incoherent declaration, that, incomprehensible as it was, seemed to satisfy her; for after a few wild words she was in my arms resting her sweet head on my shoulder, sobbing out there all her love and all her sorrow at my recent neglect.

After the first rapturous moments were over, once again there crossed my brain a remembrance of that mysterious Joe.

"Have you really never loved any one but me, my darling?"

"No, Ned, surely not. Why do you ask?"

"Why, that letter of yours last summer."

"Well?"

"That was a love-letter, surely."

"A love-letter?" laughed Ethel, merrily. "Why, what ever made you think that? it was to my cousin."

"I know it, but it was a love-letter."

"Why, Ned, how could I write a love-letter to a woman?"

"To a woman!" I repeated, amazed; "why, you said it was to your cousin."

"So it was, but is not she a woman?"

"Who?"

"Josephine Murray!"

"It was to her?"

"Why yes!" repeated Ethel, in amaze. "I told you so the first evening you were here."

"No, you only said it was to your cousin."

"Well, whom did you suppose I meant?"

"Joe Chester."

"Oh, what a funny idea!" and Ethel laughed, till I grew so ashamed of my stupidity that I indignantly closed her rosy lips with a saucy kiss.

"If you knew how much pain that idea has cost me," I began, when I had thus sobered her, and I went on to tell her all my fears and doubts. She sympathized fully, though she could not help being amused at the idea of my supposing she had ever cared for Chester except as a friend; and in the end explained to me how the letter had been written at a time when Miss Murray had been peculiarly reckless in regard to Chester; when her parents had forbidden him the house; and she had been very anxious to see her wayward cousin and remonstrate with her. This had led her to begin the note, which was to close in a homily, with unusual expressions of affection.

So the last shade on my happiness vanished; my suit was certainly prosperous; and from that happy morning I was tormented no more with speculations concerning that mysterious Joe.

DRAFTED!

Facing the common, in a small inland village in Massachusetts, stood the residence of the young minister, Rev. James Blanchard. Though neither pretentious nor costly, its surroundings and appointments evinced a delicate and refined taste. Flowers in rich variety lined the walk that led up to the front door, or climbed the trellis which served as a rustic porch.

The pleasantest room in the house was the young minister's study. Here, again, there were signs of a refined and cultivated taste. Shelves crowded with well-chosen books in many departments of literature only left sufficient room along the walls for a few choice engravings and photographs. Here was the face of Goethe, pronounced in his twentieth year the handsomest youth in Europe; and Schiller, who divides with him the literary honors of the great Teutonic tongue. Next is a photograph of the Coliseum by Moonlight, showing the exquisite softness in which Roman photographs excel. Beside it hangs a Venetian photograph—a palace rising out of the sea, a gondola in front into which a merry party are stepping. These and other pictures which adorned the minister's study were brought by him from Europe, where he had passed the two years subsequent to his graduation from the theological school.

It may be asked how, with all these advantages, James Blanchard had been content to settle down in the little village of Gresham on a salary of five hundred dollars. Undoubtedly he might have obtained other settlements more alluring in a worldly point of view. Indeed he had received overtures from a wealthy society in a neighboring city since his settlement here, but he was little influenced by ambition, and the evident solicitude of his more humble parishioners lest he should leave them dispelled at once any lingering irresolution in his own mind. In his worldly circumstances he was independent of his profession, and indeed the small stipend which he received from his parish was nearly all expended for the benefit of others.

He sat at his study-table on the afternoon of which I am speaking, busily engaged in preparing a discourse for the following Sunday, when a lady somewhat past middle age entered the room. Despite the difference in age she was sufficiently like him to indicate the relationship.

"Well, mother," said the young man pleasantly, looking up from his writing, "you look as if you had news for me."

"Yes, James," was the reply, "and I am sorry to say unpleasant news."

"Indeed, I hope not. Is any one sick?"

"Not that I have heard. It is something more nearly affecting yourself."

"Have my people got tired of me," asked the young man, smiling, "and hinted at my resignation?"

"You are quite off the track. I fancy they have too much wisdom for that. But, not to keep you longer in suspense, you were drafted this morning, so I hear."

"Indeed; how did you learn this?"

"Quite directly. Our baker, you know, comes from C——, the town where the drafting is going on. He happened to be in the hall when the names for Gresham were called, and heard yours. He says he heard the name quite distinctly, so that there can be no doubt about it."

"Do you call that bad news, mother?" said the young man, quietly.

"Certainly. It is equivalent to a tax of three hundred dollars."

"Even if it were, I ought not to be unwilling to contribute so much toward my country's necessities. But there is another alternative."

"Procuring a substitute. That will be as expensive."

"I don't mean that."

"You don't mean to go?" demanded Mrs. Blanchard, hastily.

"Why should I not, mother? My impression is that the Government stands in greater need of men than money."

"But not of such men as you are, James."

"I hope you don't think I would make a poor soldier, mother?"

"You could never bear the hardships of a military life."

"I don't know that. Have you forgotten my gymnastic training in College? I belonged to a boat-club that stood as high as any in its time, and I don't think I have lost all my strength yet."

Mrs. Blanchard was a woman, and, defeated at one point, shifted her ground to another.

"Besides, James (admire the ingenious use of this word, which quietly ignored her son's refutation of her former argument)—"besides, how unfit you are in other ways for a common soldier. If you could be an officer it would be different. As a private you will be mixed up with all sorts of people, and have to mingle with them equally. You, with your education and refinement, would be thrown away in such a position."

"If my education and refined tastes, as you call them, unfit me to serve my country, they will do me little credit."

"But can't you serve it in some other way? Can't you send a substitute who would make your place good?"

"Doubtless I could, and I can conceive of circumstances which would make such a step the better course. But, unless absolutely necessary, my duty to my country is the last which I should be willing to shift upon other shoulders."

"But you have your duty to your church."

"There are others to whom I can intrust it—others who are not physically able to undertake military service. I think my parishioners will respect their minister none the less because he feels that at this time his duty to his country transcends his duty to them. I clearly understand that I shall meet with much that is repugnant to my tastes, and that I could indulge them better at home. This is a sacrifice which I am ready to make for my country."

"But, James, think of the peril. You may be shot; you may lose your life by disease. Think how lonely my life would be without you."

This she said in a faltering voice.

James rose and took his mother's hand.

"We are all called upon to sacrifice ourselves in some way to our country. That may be your sacrifice. There is many a mother in our land who weeps to-day in sore bereavement. I trust I shall be spared to return to you again. But it does not befit me to be disturbed by apprehensions when I am in the way of duty."

"If you have fully decided that it is your duty, I will make no further opposition," said the mother, in a subdued voice.

No man's action is without its influence—certainly not that of a man occupying the important local position of James Blanchard.

I pass from the minister's study to a scene and a person quite different.

There was a small house, near the limits of the village, of one story, and unpainted. It evidently belonged to a family of limited means. In front of this house the peripatetic baker's wagon stopped.

A woman poorly clad came to the door.

"Well, Mrs. Thurston," said the baker, "I've got some news for you."

"What is it, Mr. Carter?" she asked, with some curiosity.

"I happened to be in the hall up at C—— this morning when they were calling the list of drafted men in Gresham, and among them I heard your son Robert's name."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Thurston; "that's just the luck. Them that are most needed at home have to go. They take good care not to trouble them that can get off."

"That's where you are mistaken. Who else do you suppose is taken?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Your minister is among the lucky ones."

"What, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Yes; I heard his name called."

"It won't make much difference to him," said the woman, bitterly. "He's got money, and he'll just pay his three hundred dollars and get off. As for poor Robert, he'll have to go. He couldn't pay three hundred dollars if it was to save his life, nor fifty dollars either."

"Well," said the baker, "I reckon the minister will pay the money. He don't look much as if he'd relish eating hard tack and sleeping on boards or on the ground. But I must be going, or I sha'n't be home to-night."

Mrs. Thurston went back to her work nourishing hard thoughts of the minister. Her lot in life had not been the easiest, yet she had never been without the necessaries of life. Her son Robert was a stout young man of two-and-twenty, who had remained at home, while his older brothers and sisters had removed to a distance. He worked by the day for neighboring farmers, and the amount which he paid at home for board contributed to pay the household expenses. His mother was not one of those who are disposed to look on the bright side of things. She was somewhat given to cherishing envious feelings toward those whom she considered more prosperous or in a higher social position than herself. Hence, though she had no personal reason for complaining of the minister, who had treated her with as much consideration as any one in the parish, her inward bitterness would occasionally find vent, as in the present instance.

When Robert came home she communicated the information she had obtained from the baker.

"Well, mother, I'm in good company," he said, cheerfully.

"You mean the minister?"

"Yes, he has been drafted too."

"That is all it will come to. He'll never go."

"Why won't he?"

"You won't catch him going. He'll pay the money first."

"You are mistaken about that, mother. He has made up his mind to go."

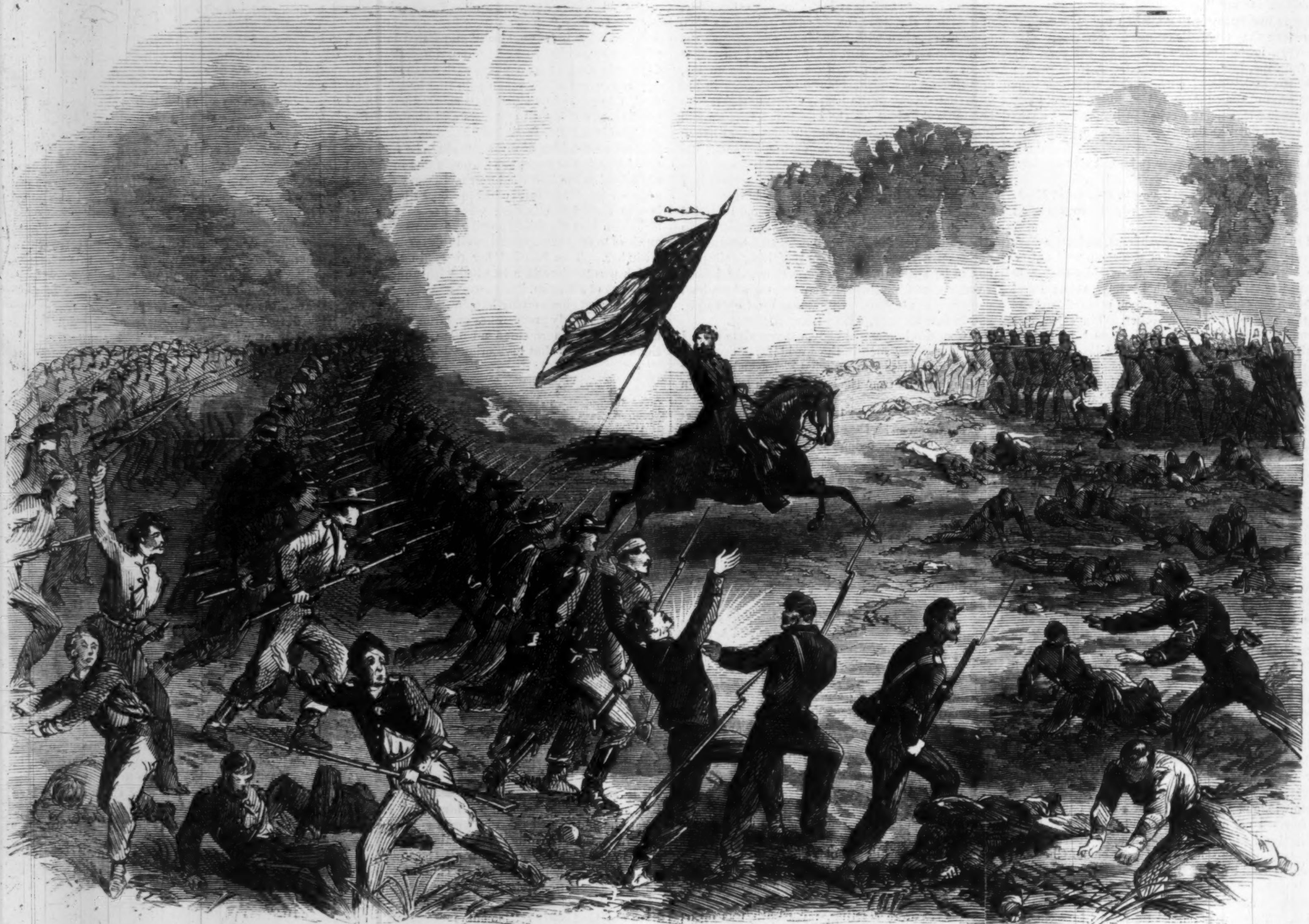
"You don't mean so, Robert?" said Mrs. Thurston, in genuine amazement. "Who told you?"

"Somebody not likely to be mistaken. He told me so himself, not half an hour since, in the store."

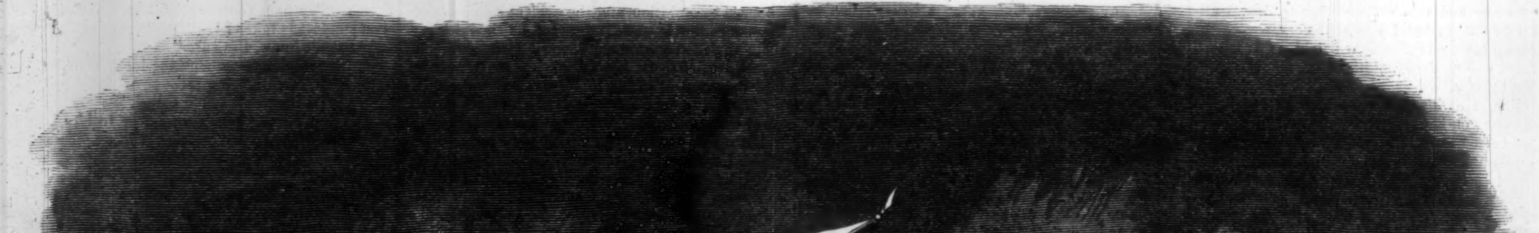
"Well, I'd never have thought it!" ejaculated Mrs. Thurston.

"Besides that, he had heard of my being drafted, and offered, if it would make my mind any easier about going, to give me fifty dollars to leave with you."

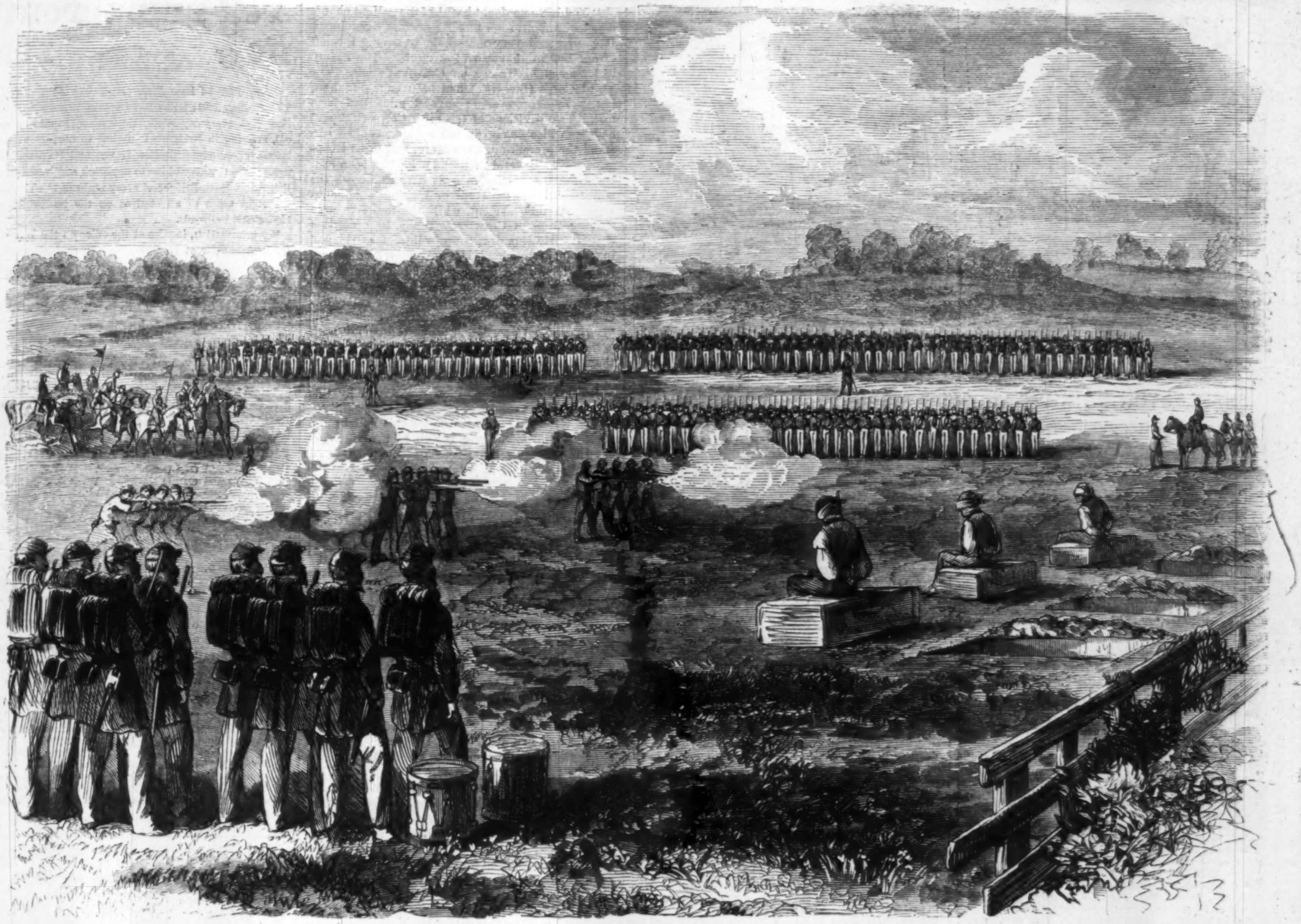
Mrs. Thurston did not utter a word, but her bitterness was very sensibly diminished. Neither did she interpose any further objections to her son's going. The Union has gained two good soldiers; for I am quite confident that one acting from such ideas of duty as the young minister of Gresham can not fail to be a valuable accession to the ranks of our brave soldiers.



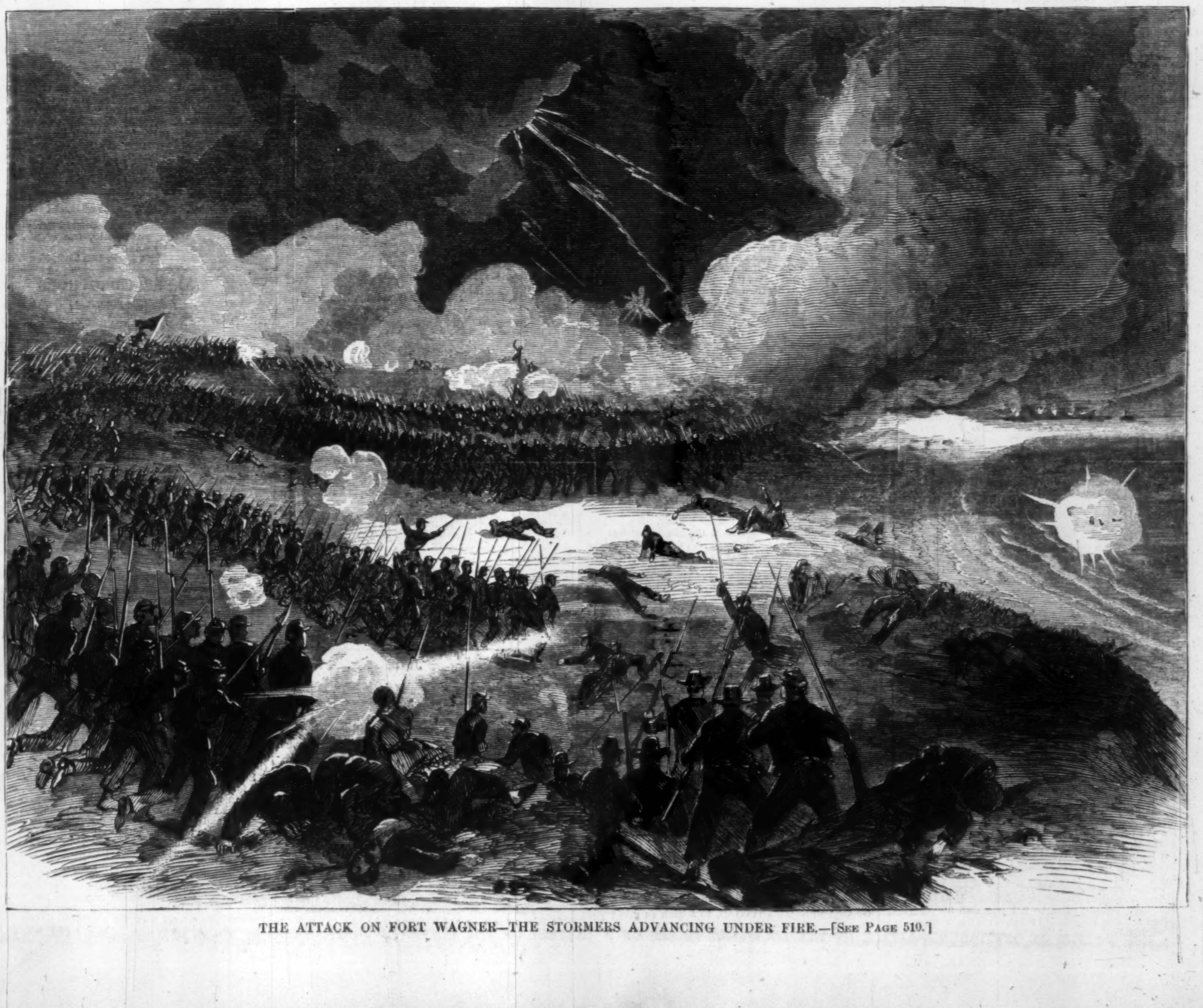
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—GENERAL CRAWFORD'S CHARGE ON THE REBEL LINES.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



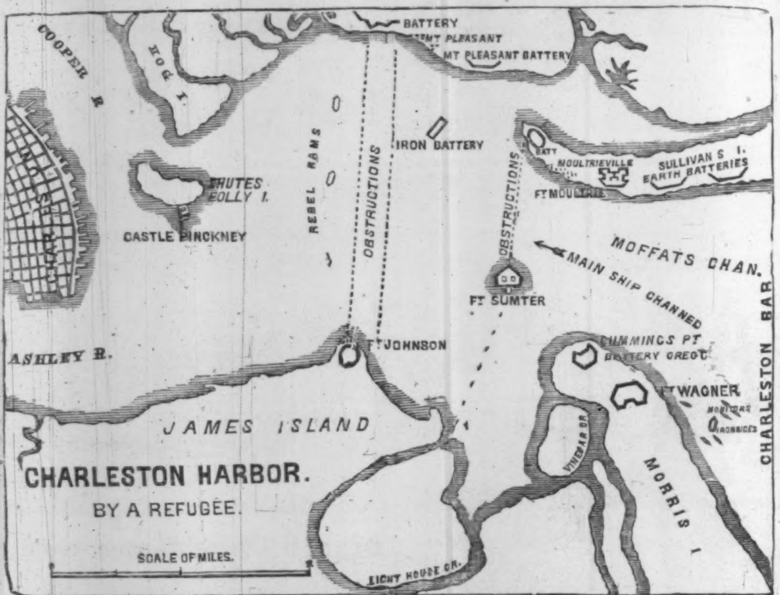
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—ATTACK OF THE LOUISIANA TIGERS ON A BATTERY OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—EXECUTION OF THREE DESERTERS.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



THE ATTACK ON FORT WAGNER—THE STORMERS ADVANCING UNDER FIRE.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL GILMORE'S OPERATIONS ON MORRIS ISLAND.

THE ATTACK ON FORT WAGNER.

We publish on page 509 an illustration of the unsuccessful attempt of General Gilmore's army to storm Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, on 18th ult. The bombardment of the fort by the iron-clads and our land-batteries on Morris Island commenced at noon that day, and lasted till the evening. The *Tribune* correspondent thus relates what then occurred:

> "Something must be done, and that, too, quickly, or in a few days we shall have the whole army in Virginia upon us," said an officer high in command. "We *must* storm the fort to-night, and carry it at the point of the bayonet."
>
> In a few moments signals are made from the top of the look-out, and soon generals and colonels commanding divisions and brigades were seen galloping to the head-quarters of the commanding general. A few words in consultation, and Generals Seymour, Strong, Stevenson, and Colonels Putnam and Montgomery are seen hastening back to their respective commands. Officers shout, bugles sound, the word of command is given, and soon the soldiers around, upon, and under the sand-hills of Morris Island spring from their hiding-places, fall into line, march to the beach, are organized into new brigades, and in solid column stand ready to move to the deadly assault.
>
> Not in widely-extended battle line, with cavalry and artillery at supporting distances, but in solid regimental column, on the hard ocean beach, for half a mile before reaching the fort, in plain sight of the enemy, did these three brigades move to their appointed work.
>
> General Strong, who has so frequently since his arrival in this Department braved death in its many forms of attack, was assigned to the command of the 1st Brigade. Colonel Putnam, of the 7th New Hampshire, who, although of the regular army, and considered one of the best officers in the Department, had never led his men into battle nor been under fire, took command of the 2d, and General Stevenson the 3d, constituting the reserve. The 54th Massachusetts (colored regiment), Colonel Shaw, was the advanced regiment in the 1st Brigade, and the 2d South Carolina (negro), Colonel Montgomery, was the last regiment of the reserve.
>
> These brigades, as I have remarked before, were formed for this express duty. Many of the regiments had never seen their brigade commanders before; some of them had never been under fire; and, with exception of three regiments in the 1st Brigade, none of them had ever been engaged in this form of attack. All had fresh in their memories the severe repulse we had met on the morning of the 11th inst. For two years the Department of the South had been in existence, and until the storming of the batteries on the south end of Morris Island, the army had won no victory fairly acknowledged by the enemy.
>
> Just as darkness began to close in upon the scene of the afternoon and the evening, General Strong rode to the front and ordered his brigade, consisting of the 54th Massachusetts, Colonel Shaw (colored regiment); the 6th Connecticut, Colonel Chatfield; the 48th New York, Colonel Barton; the 3d New Hampshire, Colonel Jackson; the 76th Pennsylvania, and the 9th Maine, Colonel Emery, to advance to the assault. At the instant the line was seen slowly advancing in the dusk toward the fort, and before a double-quick had been ordered, a tremendous fire from the barbette guns on Fort Sumter, from the batteries on Cummings' Point, and from all the guns on Fort Wagner, opened upon it. The guns from Wagner swept the beach, and those from Sumter and Cummings' Point enfiladed it on the left. In the midst of this terrible shower of shot and shell they pushed their way, reached the fort, portions of the 54th Massachusetts, the 6th Connecticut, and the 48th New York, dashed through the ditches, gained the parapet, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy, and for nearly half an hour held their ground, and did not fall back until nearly every commissioned officer was shot down. As on the morning of the assault of the 11th inst., these brave men were exposed to a most galling fire of grape and canister, from howitzers, raking the ditches from the bastions of the fort, from hand-grenades, and from almost every other modern implement of warfare. The rebels fought with the utmost desperation, and so did the larger portion of General Strong's brigade, as long as there was an officer to command it.
>
> When the brigade made the assault General Strong gallantly rode at its head. When it fell back, broken, torn, and bleeding, Major Plimpton of the 3d New Hampshire was the highest commissioned officer to command it. General Strong, Colonel Shaw, Colonel Chatfield, Colonel Barton, Colonel Green, Colonel Jackson, all had fallen. The 54th Massachusetts (negro), whom Copperhead officers would have called cowardly if they had stormed and carried the gates of hell, went boldly into battle, for the second time, commanded by their brave Colonel, but came out of it led by no higher officer than the boy, Lieutenant Higginson.
>
> The 1st Brigade, under the lead of General Strong, failed to take the fort. It was now the turn of Colonel Putnam, commanding the 2d Brigade, composed of the 7th New Hampshire, the 62d Ohio, Colonel Steele, the 67th Ohio, Colonel Vorhees, and the 100th New York, Colonel Danely, to make the attempt. But, alas! the task was too much for him. Through the same terrible fire he led his men to, over, and into the fort, and for an hour held one-half of it, fighting every moment of that time with the utmost desperation, and, as with the 1st Brigade, it was not until he himself fell killed, and nearly all his officers wounded, and no reinforcements arriving, that his men fell back; and the rebel shout and cheer of victory was heard above the roar of Sumter and the guns from Cummings' Point.
>
> In the second assault by Colonel Putnam's brigade, Colonel Turner, of General Gilmore's staff, stood at the side of Colonel Putnam when he fell, and with his voice and sword urged on the thinned ranks to the final charge. But it was too late. The 3d brigade, General Stevenson's, was not on hand. It was madness for the 2d to remain longer under so deadly a fire, and the thought of surrendering in a body to the enemy could not for a moment be entertained. To fight their way back to the intrenchments was all that could be done, and in this retreat many a poor fellow fell, never to rise again.
>
> Without a doubt, many of our men fell from our own fire. The darkness was so intense, the roar of artillery so loud, the flight of grape and canister shot so rapid and destructive, that it was absolutely impossible to preserve order in the ranks of individual companies, to say nothing of the regiments.
>
> More than half the time we were in the fort the fight was simply a hand-to-hand one, as the wounds received by many clearly indicate. Some have sword-thrusts, some are hacked on the head, some are stabbed with bayonets, and a few were knocked down with the butt-end of muskets, but recovered in time to get away with swollen heads. There was terrible fighting to get into the fort, and terrible fighting to get out of it. The cowardly stood no better chance for their lives than the fearless. Even if they surrendered, the shell of Sumter were thickly falling around them in the darkness, and, as prisoners, they could not be safe until victory, decisive and unquestioned, rested with one or the other belligerent.
>
> The battle is over; it is midnight; the ocean beach is crowded with the dead, the dying, and the wounded. It is with difficulty you can urge your horse through to Light-house Inlet. Faint lights are glimmering in the sand-holes and rifle-pits to the right as you pass down the beach. In these holes many a poor wounded and bleeding soldier has laid down to his last sleep. Friends are bending over them to stanch their wounds, or bind up their shattered limbs; but the deathly glare from sunken eyes tells that their kind services are all in vain.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

We publish in this number three more illustrations of the Battle of Gettysburg. The one on pages 504 and 505 shows us Longstreet's Grand Attack upon our Left Centre, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. This battle was fully described in our last number, and we extract that portion of the account which refers to Longstreet's attack:

> After much solicitation from his subordinates, General Lee permitted General Longstreet to send his grand division on a charge upon the cemetery. The Federal soldiers were on the alert. They were hid behind their embankments, some kneeling, and some flat on the ground. The Confederate artillery opened. It was as fierce a cannonade as the one the day before, but instead of being spread all over the line, every shell was thrown at the cemetery. Experienced soldiers soon divined what was coming, and in every portion of the Federal line the cannon were directed toward the valley in front of the cemetery. All were ready. Amidst the furious fire from the Confederate cannon scarcely a Federal shot was heard. The artillerists, implements in hand, crouched in the little ditches dug behind their cannon. With arms loaded, the infantry awaited the charge.
>
> It soon came. From the woods of short, scrubby timber and the rocks near the seminary there rose a yell. It was a long, loud, unremitting, hideous screech from thousands of voices. At the yell the Federal cannon opened. Soon the enemy's columns emerged from the woods. They came on a rush down the hill, waving their arms and still screeching. They climbed the fences and rushed along, each one bent upon getting first into the cemetery. The cannon roared, and grape and canister and spherical case fell thick among them. Still they rushed onward, hundreds falling out of the line. They came within musket-shot of the Federal troops. Then the small-arms began to rattle. The Confederates approached the outer line of works. They were laboring up the hill. As they mounted the low bank in front of the rifle-pits, the Federal soldiers retreated out of the ditch behind, turning and firing as they went along. It was a hand-to-hand conflict. Every man fought by himself and for himself. Myriads of the enemy pushed forward down the hill, across into the works, and up to the cemetery. All were shouting, and screaming, and swearing, clashing their arms and firing their pieces. The enemy's shells flew over the field upon the Federal artillerists on the hills above. These, almost disregarding the storm which raged around them, directed all their fire upon the surging columns of the enemy's charge. Every available cannon on the Cemetery Hill, and to the right and left, threw its shells and shot in the valley. The fight was terrible; but despite every effort the enemy pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. The fire became hotter. The fight swayed back and forth. One moment the enemy would be at the railings of the cemetery; then a rush from the Federal side would drive them down into the valley. Then, with one of their horrid screeches, they would fiercely run up the hill again into the cemetery, and have a fierce battle among the tombstones. It was the hardest fight of the day, and hundreds were slain there. Reckless daring, however, will not always succeed. Several attempts were made to take the place, but they were not successful; and late in the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded behind them, the enemy's forces slowly retreated upon their own hill and into their woods again.

Another illustration on page 508, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud, shows us an Attack of the Louisiana Tigers upon a Battery of the Eleventh Corps. The Tigers made the attack as fiercely as usual, but our men stood their ground stoutly, and repulsed them with a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our third illustration, on page 508, exhibits the Gallant Charge of Crawford's Division, to which in great part the success of the day was due. An eye-witness writes:

"You have no doubt heard of the gallant charge made by the division under Crawford's command. It contributed very materially to saving the left of our line in that fearful struggle. The enemy had massed his troops on Crawford's left. The Third Corps (Sickles's) had been engaging him, but were overpowered; several guns had been lost. Two divisions of the Fifth Corps (Sykes's) had been also engaged; but nothing could withstand the pressure of the enemy, and these troops gave way. Several thousand arms had been lost. On came the enemy in a dark mass, across the wheat-field, over the stone-wall, and across the ravine. At this moment, while the fugitives were rushing through Crawford's ranks, he ordered a charge. He was drawn up in line of battle, and in column of division. His men, with loud cheers, rushed forward. Crawford himself rode to the front, and, seizing the flag of the leading regiment, encouraged the men. They dashed in; volley after volley was poured into the enemy's ranks. The 'Bucktails' got ahead, and drove the enemy back across the ravine, over the stone-wall, and through the wheat-field, retaking our ground and an immense quantity of arms.

"The left of our position was saved by this charge, and we remained masters of the field."

The General Crawford who led this gallant and most efficient manœuvre is well known throughout the country as the surgeon of the garrison of Fort Sumter under Major Anderson.

EXECUTION OF DESERTERS.

The first execution for desertion that has yet taken place in the Twelfth Corps, and we think the first in the Army of the Potomac, took place near Leesburg, Virginia, on Friday, June 19. We publish an engraving of the scene on page 509. On that day, a little after noon, the Corps was formed in three sides of a square, with the fourth side occupied by three open graves, and three empty coffins, seated upon which, bound hand and foot and blindfolded, were the three unfortunate men who were to suffer the penalty of violated military law. The condemned, William M'Kee and William Groover, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, and Christopher Krumbar, of the Thirteenth New Jersey regiment—all belonged to the First Division; and the painful duty of conducting the execution therefore devolved upon Captain M. P. Whitney, of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, the Provost-Marshal of the Division, to whom great praise is awarded for the quiet and orderly manner in which the affair passed off. A squad of eight men were placed at a distance of about three rods from each of the condemned, and a reserve was in readiness, should the first fire not prove fatal; but at the single volley the whole three dropped at once lifeless upon their coffins, into which the bodies were then placed, and after the Corps had been marched in column past them, buried on the spot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IVORY SLEEVE BUTTONS & STUDS

French (Soltaire) Patterns.

These fashionable goods are made of the finest Ivory, and brought to a high polish of all colors, Black, White, Red, Blue, &c., and engraved with Initial Letters, Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 429 Broadway, New York.

The Unity of Man,

And The Unity of Language—The Law of Development—Nations, like Individuals—Latitude and Longitude, The Barbarian, Mythology—The Pyramids, Ancient Rome, War and Progress.

The American Man; Contrasted with the English, Scotch, Irish, French, etc.—The Secret of Longevity—The Perils of Life—How life is shortened—and how prolonged.

Physiology in the Pulpit—Soul and Body—Their reciprocal relations—The propensities—Dyspepsia—The true life.

Circulation of the Blood—A new Theory—Light, heat, attraction—Climate and Character—Swimming, etc., in the August No. Phrenological Journal. 15 cents, $1 50 a year. Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, N. Y., and all news men.

Portable Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, New York.

Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents.

BARTLETT supplies the Needles for all Sewing Machines. Sends by Mail or Express everywhere. Also the *renowned* Burnished Hand Needles, 150 for 25 cents. **442** *Broadway*, N. Y.

FOR BRIDGEPORT.

Daily Line.

From Pier 26 East River (Peck Slip Ferry Dock).—The Steamer BRIDGEPORT, Captain Weeks, will leave New York every day at 12 o'clock noon (Sundays excepted), arriving in Bridgeport in time to connect with the Housatonic, Naugatuck, New Haven and Hartford Railroads; also the Shore Line to Saybrook and New London. Returning, leave Bridgeport every night at 11 o'clock.

Freight taken to all stations on the Naugatuck and Housatonic Railroads.

For information, inquire at the office on the Wharf, or 105 Beekman Street

GEO. W. CORLIES, Agent.

MUSQUITO ALL NETS.
MUSQUITO NEW NETS.
MUSQUITO KINDS NETS.
MUSQUITO of NETS.
MUSQUITO PATENT SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO CANOPIES SHIELDS.
MUSQUITO SHIELDS.
Lace At Kelty's Curtains.
LACE No. 359 Broadway. CURTAINS.
LACE CURTAINS.
Holland & Gold Window Shades
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.
HOLLAND and GOLD WINDOW SHADES.

Wells & Walber's
IMPROVED
Artificial Limbs,
No. 429 Broadway,
Corner Howard Street, New York.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,

S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

A PRINTING OFFICE FOR $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $12, 22, 32, and $43. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

Facts for Soldiers!—Throughout the Indian and Crimean Campaigns, the only medicines which proved themselves able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, and Fever, were HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Therefore let every Volunteer see that he is supplied with them. Only 25 cents per pot or box.

To Conscripts.—BUY the New Song, "How are You, Conscript." Price 25 cents. For sale at all Music Stores, or mailed, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by HENRY TOLMAN & CO., 291 Washington St., Boston.

A Rare Chance!

The "Printer's Devil," a first-class Literay Journal, will be sent on trial six months, free of postage, for Twenty-five Cents. Address,

"Editor *Printer's Devil*, Box 2900, New York."

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have just Published:

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR. The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. With Maps and Plans. Vol. I., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By William Charles Baldwin, F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Tale. By Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARASZTHY'S GRAPE CULTURE AND WINE-MAKING, &c. Grape Culture and Wine-Making: being the Official Report of the Commissioner appointed to investigate the Agriculture of Europe, with especial Reference to the Products of California. By A. Haraszthy. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

Just Ready. Price, $1 25 Paper; $1 50 Cloth.

Romola. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," &c. With Numerous Illustrations.

"Romola" is a performance of which no other woman of genius among us would have been capable than precisely George Eliot.—*The Reader* (London).

There are noble things to be found in "Romola," which will make the reader's heart burn within him. It will be scarcely possible to rise from the perusal without being penetrated by the "joy of elevated thoughts," without feeling a desire to cease from a life of self-pleasing, and to embody in action that sense of obligation, of obedience to duty, which is, indeed, the crowning distinction that has been conferred on man, the high gift in which all others culminate. This is high praise; and a work that can produce this effect, if only on a single reader, has not been written in vain.—*The Athenæum* (London).

Such an intellectual *study*, to use an artist's phrase, as "Tito Melema," has not been placed before the world in this generation; and we know not which to wonder at most, the accuracy of the anatomical knowledge displayed, or the art with which that knowledge is infused—there is no other fitting word—into the reader's mind. Shakespeare might have exulted in Tito.—*Spectator* (London).

Equal to Scott.—George Eliot has Sir Walter Scott's art for revivifying the past, but not Scott's dynamical force in making you plunge into it with as headlong an interest as into the present. For this she compensates by a deeper and wider intellectual grasp. * * It is marvelous that the wide and calm imaginative power of the writer should have produced a work which is likely to be permanently identified with English literature, in which Italy and England may feel a common pride. * * The great and concentrated interest of the book—at least after the wonderful development of Tito's character—is the portrait of Savonarola, which it is almost impossible not to feel as faithful as history as it is great as romance. * * His portrait evinces almost as great a graphic power, and far more scrupulous care, than Sir Walter Scott used in those pictures of the various Stewarts.—*London Spectator.*

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and *thriving settlement* of *Vineland. Rich* soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches,* &c., to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.*

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, for Soldiers and Sailors, or heirs, promptly collected. Soldiers discharged for wounds, entitled to bounty, we send our Hand-Book of Information and Circular, with Lists of Prices, by enclosing address, with stamp to pay return postage. SOMES, BROWN & CO., 2 Park Place, New York, and 476 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

$75 PER MONTH guaranteed. Testimonials of clergymen and scientific men sent free. ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., Mewburyport, Mass.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners,* and 13 other new and curious articles. 15 circulars *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

TWO WORKS
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.
Sent by mail.

No pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. DR. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Consumption, Skin Diseases, Male and Female Complaints, &c. On the Mode and Rules for Preserving Health. 360 pages, 21 Engravings. Price 50c.

2d. DR. S. S. FITCH'S NEW WORK on Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, &c., with many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these Diseases. 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cts. ☞ Say which book you will have, giving Name, State, County, and Post-Office. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, No. 714 Broadway, New York.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unexcelled,* and *valuable* extra large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry,* Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought seperately, *many dollars.* Price each Package ONLY **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** TO **200** PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED, Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our NEW Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements,* sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

$2 positively made from 20 Cents.—Something urgently needed by every person. **10** samples sent free by mail for **20** cents that retails for **$2**, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Family Sewing Machines $5.

The ACKNOWLEDGED SIMPLEST PRACTICAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE ever produced.
NOVELTY MACHINE CO.,
Care Box 283 P. O. 442 Broadway, New York.

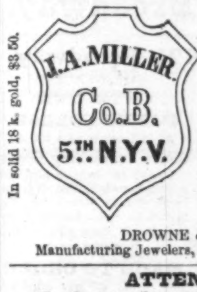
Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera,* and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp. The above, with all articles appertaining to the optical science, from the manufacturer,

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.

Branch at Saratoga Springs, opp. the Post-Office, between United States and American Hotels.



J.A. MILLER.
Co. B.
5TH N.Y.V.
In solid 18 k. gold, $3 50.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Adress

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

ATTENTION!

THE CHEAPEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

☞ 4317 pieces of assorted Jewelry for $50. Trade list sent free. Address
J. A. SALISBURY, Agt., Providence, R. I.

Musquito Shield or Guard.

J. HAVEN'S PATENT.—For the Army, Navy, Travelers, Sick or Wounded, or any one who is troubled with musquitoes, flies, or dust. Price from 87 cents to $2. Sample sent free on receipt of $1 25. Send stamp for circular. The fine whalebone frame keeps it away from the face, and the shot elastic, or string, keeps it down all round. It don't affect the breathing or sleeping, and is worth three times its price. J. HAVEN & CO., the only Manufacturers of the Shield, as no Rights or Licences have been sold, No 80 Nassau St., N. Y. Room No. 23. Agents wanted in all parts.

$ AGENTS WANTED.

3 MORE NEW ARTICLES now ready. For Catalogue and terms send stamp, RICE & CO., **37** Park Row, N. Y.

Tobacco Twine,
Carpet Warp,
Twine for Hop Vines.

H. A. HARVEY, Twine and Cordage Warehouse, established 1842, at 84 Maiden Lane, New York.

GLASS LETTERS & SIGNS

Glass and other Letters and Numbers for attaching to Windows, Signs, Marble and other surfaces. Glass Signs and Show Cards, with frames, at low prices. 107 Fulton Street, N. Y. GLASS LETTER CO.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

BLOOD'S HELIX NEEDLES

BLOOD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, Office 335 Broadway, Moffatt's Building, cor. Worth Street, Manufacturers of superior Needles for all Sewing Machines. Send for Circular.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $2, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 649 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted and engraved.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Printing-Presses for Sale.

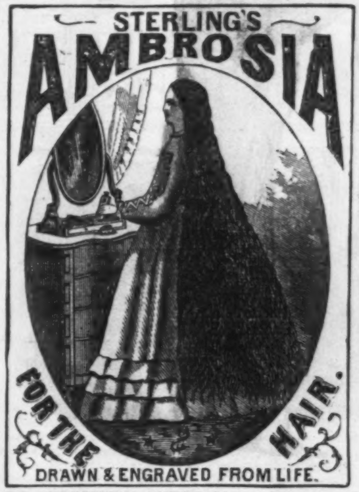
One Taylor Drum Cylinder, four Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $1750.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N. Y.

The War in the United States.

A Report to the Swiss Military Department, preceded by a Discourse to the Federal Military Society, assembled at Berne, Aug. 18, 1862. By FERDINAND LECOMTE. Translated from the French by a Staff Officer. 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 00. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. Just published by
D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.



STERLING'S
AMBROSIA
FOR THE HAIR.
DRAWN & ENGRAVED FROM LIFE.

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp, and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff; prevents the hair from falling out, or turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. Sold by druggists everywhere. Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.

DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

Our New Major-General.

The character of GEORGE G. MEAD, M. G. C.—with a life-like portrait, according to Physiology, Phrenology, and Physiognomy—How to Estimate Character.

ADMIRAL ANDREW H. FOOTE, His likeness and character.

NATIONAL TYPES—William Cobbett, The Englishman, His Portrait, Character, and sketch of his life.

PHRENOLOGY AND THE POETS—Some interesting illustrations. LIONS—their habits—How they get their supper. REPUBLICAN MANNERS, The Art of Good Behavior.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST? Choice of Pursuits; Shall we flog our Children? To Correspondents—Negroes—Position when Sleeping—Justice—Stammering—Marriage, Gray Hair, Clergymen's Sons, &c., in the August No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL 15 cents, by first post. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Surgeon-General Hammond,

By ordering calomel and destructive Minerals from the supply tables, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him not stop here. Let him order the discontinuance of "bleeding," and the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. Then will commence a "new era" in the practice of medicine, which would then become emphatically

THE HEALING ART.

PURE BLOOD.

Would disease affect us if our blood were pure?

Then if BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the blood, they restore our health, and OVER A HUNDRED YEAR'S USE has proved they infallibly purify the blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

are purely Vegetable, and innocent as bread, but infallibly

CURE BILIOUS DIARRHŒA,

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY,

And all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels:

Also Rheumatisms, Affections of the Kidneys and Spleen: their use has a general good effect upon every organ, because they purify the blood. Read following:

CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Dr. B. BRANDRETH, New York:—

SIR—I was a private in Company F, Seventeenth Regiment New York Volunteers. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock, near Falmouth, I and many of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The army surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the company were quite a number of members who had worked in your laboratory at Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds and rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire company will sign.

I am, respectfully yours,
ROSCOE K. WATSON,
JUNE 23, 1863. Sing Sing.

REMEMBER, NEW STYLE INSURES THE GENUINE.

Brandreth's Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, by all respectable dealers everywhere.

The same pills, sugar-coated, sixty in a box, price 50c., at No. 4 Union Square.

NEW STYLE AT NO. 4, DIRECT FROM LABORATORY.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE BRANDRETH HOUSE,
NEW YORK.

HUBBARD BRO'S
IMPORTERS of WATCHES
NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! The article especially deserving public attention at this time is their celebrated

Railway Timekeepers,

WITH HEAVY STERLING SILVER CASES,
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR ARMY SALES.

This really meritorious importation has been receiving the most favorable notices of the Press in all parts of the country. The *New York Weekly,* of July 23d, '63, says: "We have been shown by the Messrs. Hubbard Bros., who are the exclusive importers of the article, what they most appropriately term the RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER, being a superbly finished Silver Watch, which is warranted to keep the most accurate time in all climates. The beauty of these timekeepers is only equalled by their cheapness."

The RAILWAY TIMEKEEPER has HEAVY SOLID STERLING SILVER CASES, beautiful white enamel dial, handsome gold hands, with superior regulated movement, *warranted to run and keep excellent time!* Price per case of half dozen, $54. By mail, $1 65 additional for postage; if registered, 20 cents extra. Should retail readily at from $20 to $50 each. Not sold in quantities of less than six. Also

Magic Time Observers,

THE PERFECTION OF MECHANISM!

BEING A HUNTING OR OPEN FACE, OR LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S WATCH COMBINED, WITH PATENT SELF-WINDING IMPROVEMENT.

The *N. Y. Illustrated News,* in its issue of Jan. 10th, 1863, on page 147, voluntarily says: "We have been shown a most pleasing novelty, of which the HUBBARD BROS., of New York, are the sole importers. It is called the MAGIC TIME OBSERVER, and is a Hunting and Open Face Watch combined. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery, its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece." Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample Watches, in neat morocco boxes, for those proposing to buy at wholesale, $35. By mail the postage is 36 cents; if registered, 20 cents additional required.

We have no agents or travelers. Buyers must deal with us direct ordering from this advertisement. TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE. Remittances may be made in United States money or draft payable to our order in this city. If you wish goods sent by mail, enclose the amount of the postage with your order. Correspondents will please name the paper from which they make selections. This prevents errors that might otherwise occur. Write your address in full. REGISTERED LETTERS AT OUR RISK. Buyers are requested to call in person, when it is convenient for them to do so.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just Published:

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION in 1838–1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST; being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With a Map Embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. Large 12mo, Leather Binding, $3 50.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the Author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Creeds," "The World's Verdict," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

ST. OLAVE'S. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part IV. Price 25 cents.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

MISS MULOCK'S FAIRY BOOK. The best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For August, 1863.

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, or any Number from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents they will send any Number by mail, *post-paid.* Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be mailed, *post-paid,* to any place in the United States within 1500 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-six Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for Two Years	5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.